

Be prepared for more Zepps.—Sign Coupon on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

VOL XXI No 557

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1917.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

*Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought
shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but
true.*

Edited by
**HORATIO
BOTTOMLEY**



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For meaning of this
number see p. iii of cover.



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have a look
too, dear—"**

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(J.B. 13.)

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant :
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. XXI. No. 557.

Week ending Saturday, February 3rd, 1917.

One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Too Much Wilson.

Don't you think so? And who told him that "neither side has any desire to crush the other"? In the words of Lord Randolph Churchill, *our motto is "Smash, destroy and pulverise."*

H. G. W. and Us.

Thus Mr. H. G. Wells: "The mass of British workers find their thinking in JOHN BULL." And this in an article in the *Daily News*, too!

Our Deserts.

Canon Bonney, of Cambridge, has just come under our notice. He thinks that as a nation we have deserved the punishment of the war. Let the Canon speak for himself.

Brave Labour.

Well done, workers! It would indeed have been a calamity if the Hun had been led to think that, after all, he was right in expecting Industrial revolution in Britain in the event of war.

Class War.

The Independent Labour Party—so-called because it is practically independent of Labour—is protesting against the inclusion of Labour leaders in the Government on the ground that "the Class War is thereby endangered"! There *was* a time when the appointment of five working-men Ministers would have been regarded as a wild dream.

The New Sunday.

Preaching at Buckingham the other Sunday, the Rev. F. L. Riches Lowe deplored the fact that so many people "make the fireside their church, a Sunday newspaper their Bible, and Horatio Bottomley their prophet." And very nice too, this cold weather.

"Look Out, Bottomley."

Such is the advice of a contemporary, who warns us that we are rendering ourselves "obnoxious in the highest degree to the big pro-German interests in this country—which has now reached the stage of desperation. There is nothing they will stick at to silence criticism or remove obnoxious critics." We must take up some more insurances—or join the Union of Democratic Control!

An Invitation.

On the other hand, the *Montrose Standard* suggests that amongst the Kaiser's Christmas greetings was "A pressing invitation to Mr. Bottomley to deliver a course of lectures in Germany." Now we understand.

A General Election.

One of the first schemes of the old Party hacks who intend to make mischief when Parliament meets, will be to try to force a General Election. Such a disturbance of the nation's life at this stage, and with millions of the best men unable to vote, would be nothing short of a crime.

The Peacemongers.

These men, too, will be very active. A great effort is to be made to bring about a Conference. Altogether, Mr. Lloyd George will be sorry that he didn't make the Recess longer.

The Angelus.

We are glad to hear that, by the Bishop's direction, the Angelus Bell is now ringing regularly in the Salisbury Diocese. Other Bishops, please copy!

One for the T.T.s.

According to the French War Ministry, every officer and man in the French Army is supplied with half-a-litre of wine a day (about a pint) and "in the opinion of the medical staffs this daily consumption of wine has contributed in a very material degree to the magnificent health which all ranks have enjoyed." What says Mr. Tea Leif Jones, M.P.?

A New Hodge.

We have been taught to look upon Hodge as a "poor honest country lout, not overstocked with learning," but Mr. John Hodge, the Minister for Labour, is a discovery. "We are beginning to realise the true inwardness of things," says he; and "I hope we realise the meaning of all this Peace gaff," says he; and "previous to the war we were all silly beggars," says he. And so say all of us.

A Word to Lord Derby.

At Portsmouth, the other day, we were watching a Drill Sergeant putting a squad of recruits through a series of Swedish exercises and other severe physical drill; and we couldn't help observing how distressed the elder men were. Surely men of 35 and 40 ought to be drilled separately from young and sturdy boys! Consult Mr. Sandow, Lord Derby.

A Moving Picture.

As many of our readers are aware, we have been "featured" in a patriotic film called "Truth and Justice"—in which we appear in each episode. We have also been speaking recently in several towns where the film has been shown and the other night an amusing incident occurred. As we walked on to the stage, just after the picture, a child called out: "Look father—he's alive."

If you value your life and home, sign our Free War Insurance Coupon. Page iii. of Cover.

"Pretty, Pretty."

A new munition factory is to be built near a certain town in the West Country. The specification calls for the outside walls to be faced with "London stock bricks"—no doubt very pretty, and calculated to enhance the dignity of H.M. Government. There are, however, equally good bricks to be obtained close to the site, although they will not possess quite so nice a finish. The sticking for exquisite appearance means that no fewer than 1½ million bricks, weighing 4,500 tons, have to be conveyed by rail, although the lines are so congested. We shall be glad to give any Member of Parliament who really desires to enforce economy particulars of this scandalous case.

Now We Shan't Be Long!

It is not difficult to understand why Lord Devonport, the Director of the Diet, has engaged Mr. Isodore Salmon, Director of Lyons & Co., to assist him in straightening out his rather tangled problem. Even the appointment of Mr. Sam Isaacs to direct the just distribution of the nation's fried fish and potatoes might not be without its food value—but why, in the name of all that's funny, his Lordship should call to his assistance Mr. Alfred Butt, the music-hall manager, is wropt in mystery. It only remains for Mr. Butt to select as his personal staff the leader of the orchestra, the limelight man, and the chief scene-shifter, and Britain's food problem will be solved.

Via Holland.

Our question, "Is Holland feeding Germany?" brings answers in the affirmative. One shipmaster tells us of a Dutch captain, chuffed on the subject, who angrily repudiated the suggestion. Yet, in conversation with his stevedore, he was heard to say that his last cargo had turned out badly, adding, "When the merchant came through from Emden, he raised—!" The same shipmaster knew, last year, of a captain of a Dutch oil tank being offered 5,000 dollars to "take a track which would be given him before sailing"! And our friend is sure many more instances are known to men of the merchant service.

No Ex-Soldier Need Apply.

Writes "A Loyal Scot" to the *Glasgow Herald*: "I sacrificed a comfortable position voluntarily to join the Colours, but I have been incapacitated to the extent that I am unable to follow my former employment. Evidently there is no demand for male labour in munitions work in Glasgow and neighbourhood. . . . I tremble to think of what will happen when the British Army is disbanded and five million of men are left to the mercy of employers." What are the Government doing, or trying to do, to find employment for discharged soldiers?

Lucky.

Unless we are to abrogate the criminal law altogether, a man who has committed a murderous assault upon his neighbour should be made to pay for his little joke rather more heavily than with a month's hard labour. Yet this was the trivial sentence imposed by Mr. Clarke Hall upon Thomas Davis, of Hoxton, stated to have stabbed another man with a clasp knife in the left lung. According to Dr. Fisher, of the Shoreditch Infirmary, "the wound had actually touched the main artery," and "it was a wonder the prosecutor was alive." So the prisoner escaped hanging—by a lot!

Lord Roberts' Homes.

In response to our recent appeal, we are happy to say that we have been able to forward to Lord Cheylesmore, the Treasurer, the sum of £267 7s. 8d. towards the funds of these Homes. Many thanks.

"No Smoking, by Order."

An inquiry into the origin of the catastrophic explosion at an East-end munitions works is to be held. Meanwhile theories will keep. What will not keep is the fact that in certain offices of the Arsenal clerks smoke all day in a building not far from the Laboratory. The Arsenal authorities wink at the practice, though according to the regulations smoking is prohibited except in the canteen and special places, in which the offices referred to are not included. Smoking should be absolutely prohibited and heavily punished in any part of the grounds. A man who smokes carries matches; a man who carries matches and walks about may drop one for somebody else to tread on; and there you are, as Mr. R. G. Knowles would say. A British fool may be quite as dangerous as a German spy.

Small Firms and Government Work.

When Dr. Addison, the Minister of Munitions, can spare a moment or two to make another speech, will he be good enough to explain why, when the Ministry are calling for the utmost output of the nation, small firms find such great difficulty in obtaining Government work? The columns of the engineering papers are eloquent of this fact. All sorts of fitting and engineering companies are reduced to the necessity of advertising for work in these war-days, in order to keep their machinery going. For instance, an engineering company in Leeds announces: "Machine Work Required. Milling, Turning, Slotting. Capacity 30 Lathes." It is the Kaiser to a hayseed that this sort of thing isn't happening across the Rhine.

Where the Money Goes.

Soldiers' wives are emphatic about the foolishness of the "Recruiting Officer" who said their allowances are ample, if not excessive. One good lady, whose fine desire is to keep her home comfortable for her husband's return, has five young children, and 27s. weekly. Her budget figures show that rent, coal, bread, flour, milk, oil, potatoes, etc., consume £1 3s. 2d., leaving her with 3s. 10d. for boots, clothing and meat. This means three or four meatless days every week. When brave women like that struggle to keep the pot boiling, it is a shame to taunt them with "extravagance." There is no balance to waste on cheap pianos and flash jewellery.

"Can't be Done."

It is up to Mr. Prothero, the new Minister of Agriculture, to avoid, as he would the Devil himself, the can't-be-done attitude which characterised so many members of the Wait-and-Seers—yet we find him telling a deputation that, though beet-growing for sugar could be successfully done in this country, the present state of the law prevents the Government giving assistance to an association which grows sugar beet for profit. In that case, hadn't Mr. Prothero better introduce into Parliament at the earliest possible moment a Bill to get that law altered?

A Prattling Presbyterian.

"There are many strange things in the Press," thinks the Rev. J. H. Howard, of the English Presbyterian Church, Colwyn Bay—to which we may be permitted to retort that there are few stranger things in the Pulpit than the spectacle of a British clergyman decrying the military efforts of our Allies and extolling the foolish fancy of "a negotiated peace." "This war cannot be finished by force of arms," thinks Mr. Howard; but before many months are over the reverend gentleman may see excellent cause to revise his judgment. Perhaps the shock will restore his reason.

To enjoy writing use a "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 20.

Post Office Sweating.

The *Sub-Postmaster* renders a public service in calling attention to the case of a Post Office girl, charged at the Armagh Quarter Sessions with the falsification of accounts and "bound over" under the First Offenders Act. The gist of the matter is that, while still in her teens, the girl was required to undertake all the varied duties of a country Post Office at the miserably inadequate wage of £15 a year and her keep. Naturally, she was unequal to the task, and the false entries charged against her were an attempt to avert the discovery of her incompetence. In these circumstances the leniency of the Quarter Sessions Bench was entirely justified, and we look to the Irish Attorney-General to withhold his sanction for further criminal proceedings—said to be pending.

To the Wrong Market.

Cresswell is a pretty little mining village, proudly patriotic. It has a V.A.D. hospital, an ambulance brigade, and a volunteer battalion. Every soldier's wife lives rent free, with coals and a cash allowance. When the boys come home there is a cash allowance for them also, and prisoners are remembered every week. Into that splendid spot the Fellowship of Reconciliation dared to intrude. They talked "peace" for about five minutes, and then Cresswell declared them "off-side." Their meeting went to pieces, compulsorily, and fourteen soft-soled cranks crept away repenting their stupidity in so insulting the intelligence of a finely patriotic community.

The National Reserve.

Two or three points concerning this fine, self-sacrificing body of men—nearly all vigorous veterans—are noteworthy. At least 10,000 of them from the London area have gone to the Colours, and the Royal Defence Corps, which protects and patrols our railroads and bridges by day and night, was wholly made up from its ranks. Although the organising work has been carried out by retired officers, the War Office fails to recognise it as military work, and these gentlemen, giving unstinted service gratuitously, are thereby denied that status which is unquestionably their due—for the scheme could not continue without them.

Happy Huns.

Soft-headed humanitarians may derive comfort from the fact that no single pang of needless suffering attends the lot of interned Germans—at any rate, in the Isle of Man. According to a Dutch newspaper correspondent, the inmates of the Knockaloe Camp are having the time of their lives, with musical entertainments, theatrical performances, and outdoor sports to beguile the passing hour. "Complaints," it is understood, "are very few and of little importance"—although as yet there is no "champagne ration nor has a cinema palace been erected in the grounds." But all in good time.

Strangled by Red Tape.

The Board of Trade seem recently to have had it forced upon their minds that prodigality of provisions for foreign-going crews is invidious when so many of the population at home are going short. Some genius among them accordingly directed that a circular should be issued asking owners to victual their vessels as far as possible abroad. The result was that those who did so had their supplies rejected by the Board's Inspectors when they arrived home, because—although perfectly good—they did not come up to the red tape, arbitrary standard!

"Conscientious" Loafers.

While the Huns revel in luxury at their happy home in the Isle of Man, a number of Conscientious Objectionables are housed in Wakefield Gaol in conditions far more comfortable than those obtaining in the British trenches. The tedium of internment is mitigated by the grant of ample leave, a good deal of which seems to be spent at the Wakefield Free Library, where the C.O.s are said to have "over-run" the reading-rooms, to the natural annoyance of local ratepayers. The City Council, however, are stated to be moving in the matter; and we certainly see no reason why creatures of this type should be furnished with mental fodder at the public expense.

A Reasonable Excuse.

A tram-conductress experienced ill fortune at Sheffield, when fined £5 for "feloniously stealing the sum of 3s." The allegation was that she took money from passengers and gave no tickets. She explained that she acted on instructions by allowing as many as possible to board workmen's cars. Unable to collect the fares in the ordinary way, she took the money when passengers alighted, afterwards punching a ticket and throwing it away. That excuse seems good, for it is hard work to push through a crowd standing on the deck of a car. We regret it was not accepted, for the girl's sake.

"We Never Speak as We Pass By."

They are awfully select at the Winchester High School for Girls—the Head Mistress is, at any rate, for she carries her head so high that she has notified parents of day pupils that "it is considered undesirable" for one girl to walk to school with another, without her own most gracious and condescending approval and consent. She may be induced to speak her haughty yea, and permit two damsels to walk side by side, if the parents of both supplicate in writing. Otherwise girls going to school must not dare to know one another. Poor dears! Why introduce them to such snobbery so early in life?

On the East Coast.

Just what the distress among boarding-house keepers on the East Coast amounts to, may be gauged by these facts. In the summer of 1914 a man and wife took a lodging-house at Leigh-on-Sea on a three years' agreement. They held on grimly for two seasons without securing one single lodger, but then gave up the fight, paying rent till the quarter-day on which they handed over the key. Since then the man has been sued for another half year's rent, and is ordered to pay it, although the County Courts have power to grant relief in cases of such extreme hardship.

A Spiritual Homer.

It was a happy thought of the citizens of Berlin, Ontario, to adopt "Kitchener" as the new name of their city, but it seems that a handful of aliens in their midst are endeavouring to restore the Hunnish appellation. In the course of a recent mayoral election this anti-British proposal was the subject of heated debate. "Legally we are called Kitchener," admitted Alderman Gross—presumably an exile from the Fatherland—"but in my heart it is still Berlin." But, for a gentleman who really feels this way, there are more Berlins than one.

Hats Off at Rattray!

Nothing of the Conscientious Objector about the Rev. W. Fyffe, of Rattray, in the Land o' Bruce and Burns, for he is off to the Colours "as a combatant on active service" in the course of a few weeks. May the guid mon hae a wee bit send-off when he gangs!

You can earn £250 by your fireside. See page 28.

"Stand and Deliver."

Propos of a recent paragraph, an American citizen, who arrived at Liverpool a short time ago in the *St. Paul*, tells us that when he was asked by the port authorities to declare whether he had any gold in his possession, he said that he had £7, whereof said authorities annexed £5, he being handed a receipt in exchange. "For the refund of this £5," says our informant, "I had to apply in London, and did so, but had not received my money back up to 11th Jan., and had to sail for home on 13th Jan." Deducting gold at the source is an excellent idea, but—as we have already said—would not it be less troublesome and embarrassing if the authorities gave notes in exchange on the spot?

Busy Mormons.

The slimy Mormon is again very busy, calculating on inveigling more girls because so many men are away. Although the United States forbids polygamy, the practice is still rife among the sect. Proof comes from one of their own publications, "Book of Ready References":—"The prohibition of polygamy is not only a prohibition of what nature permits in the fullest manner, but what she requires for the reparation of States exhausted by war." You see, the war is utilised as a cloak for their dirty notions. Should a Mormon come to your door, reader, help father to put his big boots on. If father is away, mother might find the slop-pail useful.

Lost—or Missing?

A lady asks our help in her endeavour to recover two items lost, or missing, from the property of a gallant officer who fell near La Boisselle, on a date from the 3rd to the 5th of July. These prized relics are a service watch and a gold signet ring. The ring is engraved with the family crest, a leopard rampant, and the motto "Tâche sans tâche." Anybody into whose possession these treasured things may have come will do a graceful act by communicating with us, while the lady, whose address we have, will gladly pay a reward.

The Miner's Dream of Work.

We need not print the fact that coal is dear; everybody is aware of it, and poor people sit fireless because of it. One reason alleged is that miners are few; but it is the case that miners, willing to work, are refused the opportunity. For instance, to one colliery near Liverpool the men make trail daily, only to be sent back from the pit with the tale that there is no work for them. Yet the coal is there. It is wanted; why should it not be won?

Who Said "Influence"?

We have told of the Mayor of Deptford's Secretary, aged 26, exempt till June. Clear the floor, please, for the ex-Mayor of Wandsworth, Alderman Lorden, member of the Tribunal. He has a Secretary and Cashier, aged 32, married, passed for general service. Having already received three months' grace, more was required. "Unless you shut me up entirely I must have this man," quoth the Alderman. "We don't want to," he was told. "Quite right," was the ex-Mayor's patronising appreciation of the disclaimer. "I don't claim that mine is a one-man business." So, his man gets another six months. And everything in the garden's lovely.

An Australian View.

• An Australian, visiting Liverpool to see three soldier sons—one, maimed, in hospital—wishes to know why girls are tram-conductresses, waiting on young men passengers, 25 per cent. of whom seem eligible. Australians were told England was putting her last man in the field; he says that he is "jostled by streams of young fellows who appear ignorant that there is a war." He bought a Saturday paper for the latest war news, but "all space was occupied by League football and photos of big, lusty curs who are letting the other fellows do the dying." There is some exaggeration, but also some truth, in this.

The Object—M.P.?

One of the Objects actually proposed to become Parliamentary Candidate at the Rossendale vacancy. He sat, till recently, on the Tribunal at Rawtenstall (that, in itself, sounds like an excerpt from extravaganza!) and has now been freed from combatant service on condition that he undertakes work of national importance—which he has refused to do. Should he have the impertinence to contest the seat, surely that obtrusive Conscience of his would never allow him to join a House that deals with war work?

Commandeered.

What next our front-page illustration will be commandeered for, we cannot say. The latest place we find it is on the paper in which one Juan Rubert wraps his Spanish oranges for export. Actually this enterprising person uses it as his registered trade-mark. We don't mind; but he might at least have presented his compliments in the form of a case of his loveliest oranges.

Storm in the Tea-Cup.

There must be much unrest in the tea trade when two large packet-tea dealers issue flaring advertisements and coupons entitling all and sundry to a ½lb., in one case for 4d., in the other for 4½d. It suggests that the ordinary price, 7d., is an imposition.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "P.P.")

"OUR GIRLS' PAPER":—

"Left ON THE DOORSTEP as an infant, SHE HAD BEEN THERE EVER SINCE. SEVENTEEN LONG YEARS!"

"ARDROSSAN AND SALTCOATS HERALD" ("In Memoriam" notice):—

"His CHEERY VOICE and WELL-KNOWN STEP
We now no more BEHOLD."

"DAILY MALTA CHRONICLE":—

"Lady Methuen kindly distributed the prizes with FEW well-chosen remarks."

"WOOD GREEN SENTINEL":—

"The famous new bass, Mr. Norman Allin, will appear. This fine vocalist has already greatly EXTINGUISHED himself at the Palladium concerts."

"THE STAGE" (advertisement):—

"Margaret Tueski, supported by Will Ellythorne, in Fifteen minutes of Real Comedy. Not a DRY SEAT in the house!"

"DAILY CHRONICLE" (advertisement):—

"Lady (Exp.), to MANAGE A CONFECTIONER; live in."

"KENTISH EXPRESS AND ASHFORD NEWS" (advertisement):—

"A Good Bargain.—Bay Mare, 16 hands, quiet to ride and drive; 20 guineas; THE REASON SELLING OWNER CAN'T WALK."

MR. W. F. MASSEY (according to the "DAILY NEWS AND LEADER"):—

"We want to be quite certain that . . . it will be a peace with honour, a peace upon which you and your children will be able to look back with pleasure and pride for THOUSANDS OF YEARS."

"DAILY EXPRESS" (heading):—

"Warning to Farmers. Don't GROW potatoes WHERE THEY WILL NOT GROW."

"HEREFORD TIMES":—

"Alfred Scudamore, who had NO BEAR LIGHT on his trap, and who FAILED TO LIGHT IT, and drove away WITHOUT ONE, after being told by the constable about it, was fined 10s."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To H.I.M. The German Emperor.
Sir,—Many un-happy returns of the day!

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, M.P., First Commissioner of Works.

DEAR SIR ALFRED,—I am glad to know of the prompt steps taken by the Government to succour the surviving victims of the East London explosion, and especially to rehouse the poor families resident in the immediate vicinity of the disaster. Your authority is doubtless complete, and I am sure that you will act with promptitude and vigour. Meanwhile I trust that other schemes of relief may be administered in a spirit of wide generosity, for to those brave munitioners we owe a debt of gratitude we can never fully pay. Never forget that the brave souls who died gave their lives in the service of King and Country just as much as the gallant fellows who fall fighting the enemy. Those who are left fatherless, motherless or homeless deserve immediate and generous consideration. What is the Prince of Wales's Fund doing?

JOHN BULL.

To Brigadier-General Sir John T. Carter, K.C.M.G.

DEAR GENERAL,—Those who know your work as Inspector-General of the Army Pay Department, will join with me in congratulating you on your well-deserved knighthood. At the outbreak of war you were called upon to set up the machinery for dealing with the pay and allowances of our soldiers and their families. What that meant can be understood when it is remembered that before the war the Pay Corps numbered 700, that to-day the staff totals 16,000, and that the department is now called upon to deal with something like 8,000,000 cases. The creation and smooth working of your great department is one of the finest and most praiseworthy efforts which the war has called forth. Like many another gallant officer who had retired from active service, you returned at your country's call. Again, congratulations. JOHN BULL.

To the Downham Magistrates.

GENTLEMEN,—At Petty Sessions the other day you had before you complete evidence of as gross a case of cruelty through negligence as any fiend could devise. A dealer, George Henry Garner, of Wretham, left a horse in a field at West Dereham to freeze and starve. It was stated in evidence that the horse, which was aged and in poor condition, had evidently died in great agony for, in struggling to get up, it had partly rubbed away its right eye, had formed a circle 44 ft. in circumference, and had entrenched into the ground with its head and feet a place which was full of water. All the grass within reach had been eaten off to the roots, and a post-mortem revealed nothing but water and thick mud in the intestines. But the inhuman creature who was responsible for the terrible agonies and the death of this poor beast, and who had sworn that he had taken hay to the field, was fined a paltry £4 6s. 1d., including costs. Yet you mulct a man in £3 for "potting" a pheasant or two! Do you wonder that such gross inhumanity continues when you, who are charged with administering justice, make such a travesty of your duties?

JOHN BULL.

To Lieut.-Colonel G. Sinclair Thompson, C.O., Inns of Court O.T.C.

DEAR COLONEL,—As one who thoroughly believes that Boxing is a manly British pastime, I was delighted to read what you said the other day when Sir A. Goodson, Chairman of your Selection Board, presented the cups and medals won by the youths who are officers in the making. "Boxing brings out those qualities which every soldier and every officer needs. It gives confidence, self-reliance, endurance. When a man enters the ring he knows he has got to stick it until the last—until he is knocked out or knocks out his opponent. It is the spirit of the men in the trenches, and it is the spirit that is going to win the war." I could not have put it better myself. It is only since you have been in command at Berkhamsted that Boxing has been a feature of the O.T.C. In this and in many other ways, so I hear, you have put new life into the "Devil's Own." Heartiest congratulations.

JOHN BULL.

To the Magistrate, Grimsby Borough Police Court.

SIR,—Of all the instances of magisterial pigheadedness in dealing with "offences" under the Sunday Trading Act, commend me to your treatment of the gallant Scotsman who was fined 5s. or six days for buying candy. This excellent fellow, John James McAndrews, had come home, as he told you, from San Francisco to "do his bit." He arrived in Grimsby only on Sunday morning after travelling all night, and wanting some candy (he neither smokes nor drinks), he committed the awful offence of going into the shop and buying some. The man, who pleaded ignorance of the "orders of the town," was well justified in his cynical remark: "I think if there is a law to stop a chap buying candy on a Sunday, he ought to go and get drunk." Really this crime of "aiding and abetting Sunday trading" is a crying shame, and when it is seen with what ignorant intolerance you, as a Stipendiary Magistrate, are prepared to administer this preposterous law, the case for repeal becomes a matter of national concern. It may conform with your ideas of justice to see a man go to prison for buying candy on a Sunday. To me it is an infamy and a scandal.

JOHN BULL.

To Granville Barker, Esq.

MY DEAR BARKER,—In these times, when all men of military age are expected to do their bit, your conduct is open to suspicion, and however unjustified that suspicion may be, perhaps it would be as well if you explained matters. A few months ago there was a great pother in the press because you had decided to dissociate yourself from the young English actors skulking in America, and were therefore returning home. You came back and joined the gunners; then I read of you as a Green Tab—Intelligence Department—and now I learn you are back in America, engaged once more in theatrical activities. How comes this—who gave you leave? Were you not "Intelligent" enough? Why have you been permitted to return to the land where unpatriotic players pick up the dollars while older, and perhaps better, men of your profession are taking meagre military pay and all the risks of real, not of mimic, war? For the honour of "the profession" I think some explanation is due, don't you?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. T. C. Simmons, Vicar of Granthorpe.

SIR,—Without for the moment going into the merits of the case which found you and the Curate of your church, the Rev. J. W. Bevan, in unseemly competition for the conduct of "Divine Service," your behaviour—alleged as "riotous and violent"—merits the condemnation of all decent persons. I don't know that there is much to choose between you and the Curate in so far as turning the church into a bear garden is concerned. If you have any respect for the Church and any regard for its reputation, both you and the Curate must be ashamed of what you did, and must realise the harm caused by those police court proceedings at Louth (Lincolnshire) which ended in dismissal of the charge of assault preferred by you, and that of "unlawfully disturbing" made against you by the Curate. Whatever differences you may have, in God's name settle them out of church. Pay some respect to sacredness.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Francis Hopwood.

DEAR SIR FRANCIS,—I like a man who sticks up for his rights; and the fact that for many years you have been a highly-paid Government official is, of course, no reason why—in war-time, when everyone is expected to make sacrifices—you should not try to get out of the War Office all you possibly could for damage done to two fields near Tunbridge Wells, owing to military occupation. You claimed £82 for the damage caused by horses, but admitted that its extent had not been so great as was at first estimated. However, the Defence of the Realm Losses Commission took a more modest view of your loss—£5, in fact. Hardly worth all the bother, was it—and in war-time, too!

JOHN BULL.

BEATTY ABOUT TO BEGIN.

OUR WATCH-DOGS OF THE SEA—WELL DONE, JACK!—FUTURE PROSPECTS.

By A. G. HALES.

BRAVO, Beatty! Bravo, all the brave boys in blue!! You've been getting your claws in lately, and you have "made good." It was only a little scrap, that affair off Zeebrugge—nothing to make a song about; but whilst it lasted you had the gloves off, and you—every man Jack of you—did just what we all expected of you. The lasses are taking to wearing blue ribbons in their hair again, and as they trip along on dainty feet, they hum "For we all love Jack"; and that's worth scrapping for. The news made us all feel good; for it told, in terms of splendid, grim eloquence, of deeds done, of a new order of things. We know now that the days of the meddling and muddling amateurs are over. Sailors are doing sailors' jobs—Jellicoe is at the helm in London; Beatty is on the "bridge" with the fleet, and Jack—the inimitable and unbeatable—is at the guns. Now there will be no more wait-and-see; our watchword on the ocean is "Up and at 'em," whenever and wherever a chance presents itself. The new régime means much; it means that we are taking the initiative—we are attacking, and for a fighting breed there is no better form of defence than attack. Zeebrugge has been a regular hornets' nest for a long time past, and the Kaiser fondly hoped that from that base, so adjacent to our coasts, his ships of war would be able to do us infinite injury. Now, henceforth Zeebrugge ought to be only as useful to the Germans as the Kiel Canal—a place of refuge for a section of that fleet which, according to the Teutons, was going to challenge our mastery of the world of waters and wrest the Trident from our grasp; William the Hohenzollern was, from the beginning of his days, half a bully and half a visionary—and his vision of sea-dominion was the maddest that ever entered his poor, diseased brain.

Our Watch-Dogs of the Sea.

When the ice began to pack in the waters of Zeebrugge the Germans knew that they must make a dash for a safer home or be shelled to scrap-iron—so they made a rush out, as rats come out of their holes when they scent peril. But our watch-dogs knew the situation also—knew it to a hair's-breadth—and they were ready and waiting when the Kaiser's craft slipped silently from their moorings and steered for the open sea. They hunted and harried the German ships as hounds harry their game. When once they were forced to fight, the enemy sailors did not show the white feather; they fought bravely enough—those who had to die, died like men. We do not grudge them their meed of praise, we leave the slandering of fighting-men to lesser breeds—the German sailor has proved in all the battles fought in this war that he is no craven. For that we thank him in the name of the human race; for if he had added cowardice in action to the other vices of his breed, he would have sunk below brute level. In this little "scrap" the Germans were hopeless from the start; they did all that seamanship and courage could demand of them, but this time we were ready, watchful and prepared to strike. The German Grand Fleet must have known the very moment when the Zeebrugge squadron was to make its despairing dash in quest of safety. The Grand Admiral must have been well aware that our ships were waiting to shatter the fleeing force; why, then, did not the boastful Admiral leave his safe anchorage and come forth to meet our ships in an attempt to succour his own comrades? He and his have tried ever since the Battle of Jutland to belittle our Navy in the eyes of the world. He and his have said that they

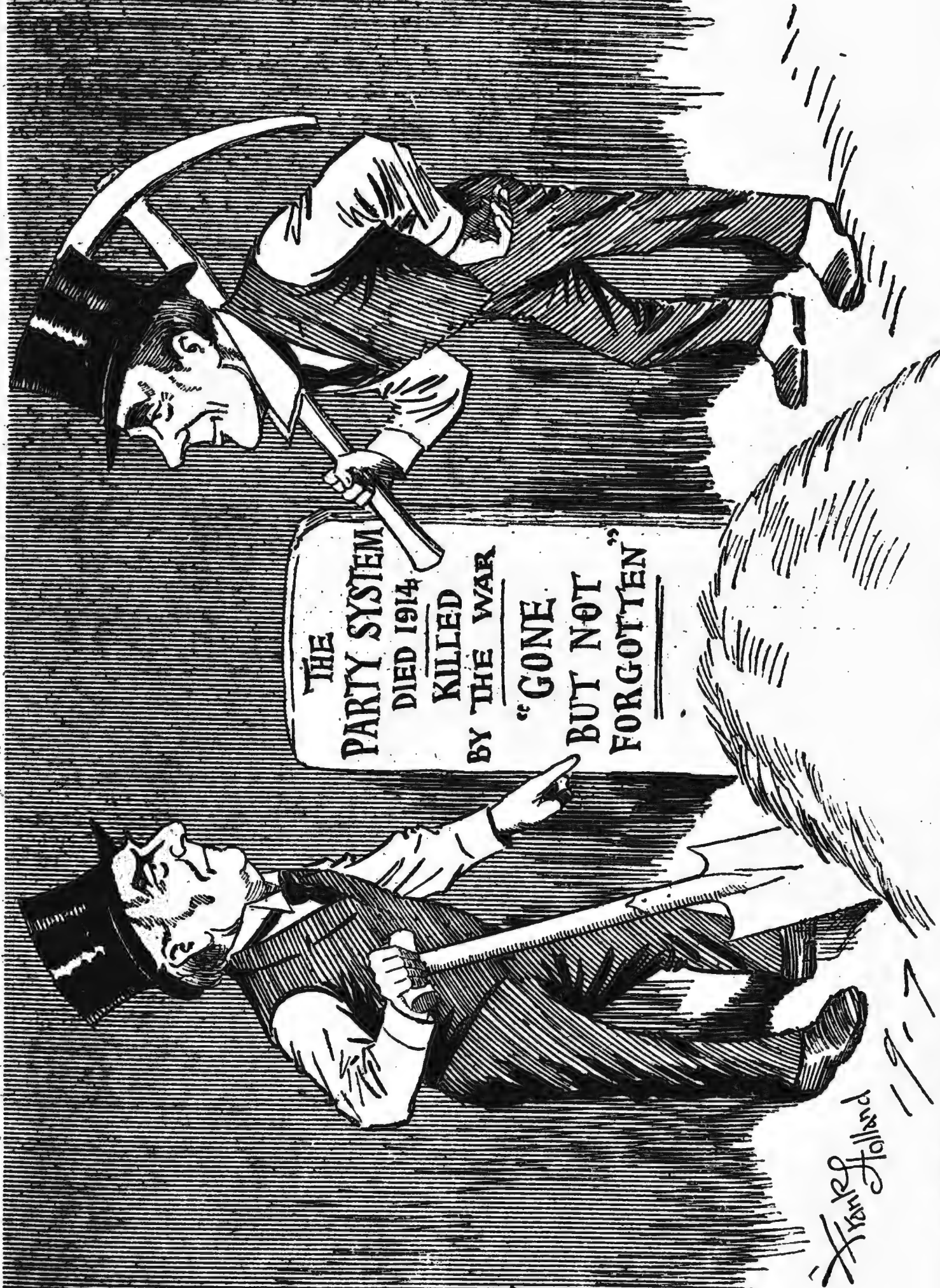
have swept the seas in vain looking for the British Fleet—it was a falsehood, and we knew it for what it was; but there are neutrals who seemingly wanted to believe that kind of thing, and they swallowed the German lie, hook and all. If the German Grand Fleet had really wanted a fight, there lay their chance; they had only to move to succour the Zeebrugge squadron, and our Grand Fleet would have rushed to meet them—and they knew it. With that knowledge well planted in their minds, they skulked in safety behind their deadly minefields, and allowed the little Zeebrugge squadron to take its hopeless chance. Will any man on God's green earth who is not a congenital idiot believe, after such an exhibition as that, that Jellicoe did not whip the German Fleet off Jutland? No report that could have been published, even if written by an angel, could more clearly prove Jellicoe's victory than the refusal of the German Grand Admiral to come from his home of safety and chance another meeting with the men whose fame he had tried to lie away. He had been talking of wanting another battle—here was a red-hot fight "offered him on a plate," but he wisely had no stomach for the dish; he had had all he wanted off Jutland.

The Future Prospects.

Submarines may at times, in the future, by submerging, sneak out of Zeebrugge to sink merchantmen and murder women and children; and all the vigilance of our naval officers may fail to prevent them doing so; but I doubt if a cruiser squadron will ever again be allowed to play this cowardly game of "Tip and run" from that base, and shell our English coastal towns. Our Navy now has a freer hand than it ever had in this war, and our sailors are standing on their toes—they know what the Empire expects of them, and they will live up to the highest expectations. They are a striking force now, thanks to the removal of amateurs from the control of naval policy and strategy. In time, I think, they will force the German Grand Fleet into action, and then the world will ring with the result—and next time, please God, there will not be anything in the shape of a Balfour bulletin to cast a shadow on our sailors' victory! That the German Grand Fleet will put up a grim and terrible fight, I fully expect—for their ships are good, their guns are great, and their seamanship not to be despised. They will fight like desperate men; for defeat will mean the end of things for them, and for the Hohenzollern evil brood, who have so long cursed a suffering world with their presence. It will be a battle of giants, for they are strong, and their aim will be—even if they cannot win—to sink or shatter enough of our warships to lower our position as the first Naval Power in the world. That they will damage us is certain; that we shall beat them, and beat them so badly that no amount of lying will "save the German face," is as sure as Kismet. The hour of Germany's naval destiny struck the day we placed Jellicoe in power in London and Beatty in his proud position under the White Ensign; it was a great move on our part, proving that even statesmen have odd moments of sanity. This little Zeebrugge affair is the precursor of greater events, which will convince President Wilson that he is the worst kind of a prophet since Balaam and his ass entered into a roadside rivalry. Mr. Wilson has said that there must be "peace without victory"; I do not think even Balaam's talkative steed would have uttered such senile nonsense—or Balaam either.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS.

(There are indications that when Parliament reassembles, efforts will be made to revive the Party System.)



McKENNA: "Of course he's dead and buried, Chief, but I think we might dig him up again, don't you?"

EXPLOITING A DEAD HERO.

THE "NATIONAL MISSION'S" BAD START—THE BISHOP'S EVASIONS.

WE stated last week that we had now thoroughly sifted the story, told by the Bishop of London in his National Mission circular, and repeated by him on many occasions, that shortly before his death Lord Roberts said, writing to a friend, "We have got the men, we have got the guns, we have got the money; what we now want is a nation on its knees." It will be remembered that Lord Roberts died on November 14th, 1914—but a few weeks after our entrance into the war, and at a time when, admittedly, we were short of men, of guns, and of munitions. Having regard to this fact, and for other reasons, we gravely doubted the veracity of the story. Accordingly, we wrote to the Bishop, pressing him for his authority for it, and in reply—on November 11th last—his Lordship said:—

You ask me for my authority for the statement that Lord Roberts shortly before his death said, "We have got the men, we have got the guns, we have got the money; what we now want is a nation on its knees." If you will refer to page 50 of a little book, called "A Faith for the Firing Line," by the Rev. E. A. Burroughs, of Hertford College, Oxford, which is published by Nisbet and Co., you will see that he gives this quotation as one from a letter written by Lord Roberts to a friend not long before his death. That is my authority for the quotation.

We lost no time in following up the clue, and having obtained the book in question and checked the quotation, we wrote to the Rev. E. A. Burroughs.

In due course Mr. Burroughs replied:—

The story you refer to was given me in March, 1915, by a friend whose authority for it I had no occasion either to doubt or to enquire. I was not told to whom the letter was addressed, nor did I see it. The point of it for my purpose, as quoted in an address to officers in France in April, 1915, was and is independent of whether the actual words are as used by Lord Roberts. His point of view in the matter is sufficiently well-known, and, in particular, was evidenced by the letter quoted, after his death, in the House of Lords by Lord Curzon.

Regarding this answer as eminently unsatisfactory, we wrote again, calling attention to the omission of the name of the friend who had told Mr. Burroughs the story, and remarking, "Surely you cannot be serious when you say that the point is independent of whether the actual words are as used by Lord Roberts." We went on to express our opinion that no such letter had ever been written. This brought an angry reply, in which Mr. Burroughs repeated his view about "the real point being independent of whether the actual words were as used," reminded us of Lord Roberts' well-known views towards religion, and expressed the opinion that we were actuated either by "disagreement with the sentiment expressed," or by "a malicious desire to get even again with the Bishop of London." What the word "again" means in this connection we are at a loss to understand, but, apparently, Mr. Burroughs had in his mind an article written by the Editor some time previously, entitled "The Bishop's Blunder," because he goes on to express his doubt that "such a master of coarse and calculated misrepresentation" as the author of such article "should be honestly concerned for the memory of Lord Roberts." The great thing, however, was that Mr. Burroughs was good enough to tell us that the friend from whom he heard the story of the letter was Dr. Richardson, of the Church Army Headquarters. And, accordingly to Dr. Richardson we went—writing him on November 29th, asking whether the alleged letter was

in his possession, or whether he had ever seen it. To this enquiry came a courteous reply, in which we were told—

The remark, "We have the men . . . money . . . guns . . . etc.," was repeated to me, as an utterance made by Lord Roberts some time before his death. I jotted the remark down without any comment and gave it little more thought. The statement was made by one of the numerous visitors to "Church Army," and I cannot track it down. The most likely person to know when and where Lord Roberts wrote or made the remark would be—(mentioning a well-known member of Lord Roberts' family).

We now felt that we were getting "warm," and, accordingly, on December 13th, we communicated with the relative mentioned, expressing our desire to trace the story to its origin, and asking for assistance in the matter. And here is the reply:—

I am quite certain Lord Roberts never made the statement you quote in your letter, "We have got the men, we have got the guns, we have got the money; what we now want is a nation on its knees." You are at liberty to say that Lord Roberts never made the statement.

By this time the Bishop had evidently become aware of the thoroughness of our investigation, and, in sending his book, "Cleansing London," to press, what do you think he did? Let me first remind you that the original specific statement was that the words occurred in "a letter written by Lord Roberts to a friend" not long before his death. Now listen to the latest edition of the story: "'We have the guns; we have the men; we have the munitions, and what we want is a nation on its knees,' *cried Lord Roberts with his latest breath*!" We have, emphasised, first of all, the addition of the word "munitions" to the quotation (which, by the way, was the inaccuracy for which the Rev. E. A. Burroughs rebuked us), but the principal point is the cool and unexplained transformation of the "letter written to a friend" into a verbal ejaculation. Regarding this as a matter requiring serious explanation, the Editor addressed the following letter to the Bishop:—

We have now completed our enquiries into the veracity of the story about that letter written to a friend by Lord Roberts shortly before his death, and we have the authority of an important member of the family, to whom we were ultimately referred—after being buffeted about from one person to another—to say that no such letter was ever written. I observe, however—not without some amazement—that in your book, "Cleansing London," you have now transformed the letter into a verbal ejaculation—from which fact I gather that your previous statement has been corrected by someone conversant with the facts; and that you can now tell me in whose hearing the statement was made. It is only fair that I should again remind you that at the date of Lord Roberts' death, November 14th, 1914, admittedly we hadn't the guns, or the men, or the munitions.

In reply, we received the following letter from the Bishop's Private Secretary:—

The Bishop of London desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 23rd inst., and to say that he has quoted the story about Lord Roberts and a nation on its knees in perfect good faith. The Bishop has, in a former letter, informed you of the source from which he took the quotation. If you can prove to the Bishop that this story about Lord Roberts is untrue, it is needless to say that, should a new edition of "Cleansing London" be issued, the Bishop would withdraw the quotation from it.

And there, for the moment, we must leave the matter.

A NEW ZEALAND MEAT SCANDAL.

HOW THE MIDDLEMAN FLEECES PRODUCER AND PURCHASER

New Zealand is angry, for it has a grievance—one that is, to all appearances, genuine and serious. Their Government commandeered the entire supply of the Dominion's meat, to be handed over to our—the Imperial—Government, ostensibly for the purpose of feeding the Army and Navy. Any surplus, it was understood, would be placed on the British markets at a low rate, for the benefit of the people. That step did not provoke one murmur; the sheep farmers were proud to help, although the price paid them for lamb was somewhat below the market value—the average they received was 5d. per pound. That sum had to bear the cost of killing, freezing, storage, insurance, and other charges, including delivery free-on-board the home-bound boat. The net return was, therefore, less than 4d. per pound. Their anger arose when they discovered that New Zealand lamb was sold in London at 1s. 2d. per lb., a price that has since been considerably increased. The difference between the two figures clearly shows that middlemen actually pocket more profit from the meat than is secured by the producers. That is bad enough, but there are other pin-pricks. Frozen meat from the Argentine has been bought by the Government in enormous quantities, but the Argentine is not restricted in any way as regards surplus meat; they have been able to put that on the market at their own figure, and have profited accordingly. Further, New Zealand hears that our soldiers are not supplied with its lamb, but that it is handed over to the wholesalers, who reap the entire benefit of the inflated prices. In plain words, the Meat Trust has been able, thanks to the bungling of Mr. Runciman and the Board of Trade, to impose upon the patriotism of the New Zealand producers, and to pile up fortunes at the expense of our brothers in the Dominion. We do not wonder at their anger and their deep sense of injury.

BIG BILL FOR A POOR WOMAN.

EXPENSES OF HOSPITAL TREATMENT FOR SOLDIER'S WIFE.

A soldier's wife, while staying at Hitchin, developed spotted fever, and was removed to the Isolation Hospital. She has now been furnished with a bill for hospital expenses, and the amount, calculated at the rate of £3 7s. 6d. a week, is £23 12s. 6d.—rather a large sum for her to pay out of her allowance. To make matters worse, her soldier husband is also in hospital, somewhere near the Persian Gulf—and we are wondering what *his* bill will be! It is not surprising that the good woman is distracted by her troubles, and a little discussion on the subject by the Hitchin Urban Council does not do much to clear the air. It seems that this soldier's wife has been charged the total amount of the hospital fees, and not only a proportion in accordance with her means. The Clerk averred that "it doesn't matter" whether she went to hospital by her own consent or otherwise; he declared, "The law says that if a person is taken there compulsorily, he owes the money." One Councillor put the common-sense point that if a patient is sent there for the safety of the town (as in a case of spotted fever) consideration should be shown. But the official view failed to coincide; it was out for the whole sum. We are glad to note that several Councillors thought such a proceeding unfair, at least in the present instance; and it was finally agreed to ask the worried woman what offer she was prepared to make. It would have been kinder and more humane to take that position at the start, instead of demanding the full pound of flesh. Such a woman can be trusted to make a perfectly honest offer in accordance with her means, for she is, as a rule, proud to satisfy her just debts to the extent of her power. We hope Hitchin will listen to what she says, for the trouble is not of her seeking. We think, in the circumstances, the local ratepayers would be quite content to bear the whole of the bill. Obviously, the woman is poor—and she is a soldier's wife!

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."



The Hun who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day,
But Jolly Jack, who stays to fight,
Is of the two the truer knight.



Australian soldiers gladly march
To watch the art of Oscar Asche,
Who in that distant Land of Corn
In '72 was duly born.



Had Mark Twain in his humorous mind
A man of Woodrow Wilson's kind
When he, by wayward fancy led,
Created Wilson Pudd'nhead?



John Bull's persuasive hand and strong
Drags the reluctant funk along,
Who has been sheltered from the "call"
In the War Office and Whitehall.



Now he's received this last rebuff,
Sure, Snowden must have had enough;
For Labour, which he thought to lead,
Has turned, and sat on him instead!



Discharged and wounded officers
The schoolboys' martial ardour stirs;
What better masters can you meet
To teach the young idea to shoot?

A TALE OF TWO WOMEN.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT AND AN EJECTMENT ORDER.

A wrong done to a soldier's wife—especially when coupled with a miscarriage of justice—cannot be a matter of indifference to the public in these stirring times. In Stepney, a domestic drama has recently been played out, the actors being two soldiers and two women. Until the middle of last year, the house—43, Portland Street, Stepney—was in the occupation of a Mr. Sutton, two of the rooms being let off at 6s. a week to a lodger, Mr. G. House—now Gunner G. House, of the Royal Field Artillery. House was not a single man; he had a wife and children—so had Sutton, and the two families shared the place in a friendly and peaceable way. In July of last year, however, both husbands were called up for military service, and very soon it became evident for the first time that the domestic relations of the parties had been sadly undermined. A letter from Gunner House, couched in most improper terms, was found in Mrs. Sutton's bedroom; and in conversation with Mrs. House, Mrs. Sutton admitted misconduct, and promised reform. Several letters from Gunner House to his wife and to Mrs. Sutton are in our possession. The wife is coldly reminded that her dear "George" is expecting his "Christmas parcel," but that, of course, is merely a matter of business; it is for "dear Alice"—Mrs. Sutton—that the outpourings of affection are reserved. She is treated to a rich libation of illiterate slobber. However, it is in the light of other documents that these disgraceful effusions are to be read. Dated Dec. 4th last, we have a formal "Notice to Quit and Yield up Possession," signed "Alice Sutton," and served upon the innocent Mrs. House. The murder was out, and the culprit was striking in self-defence. Blow followed blow. Finally, police-court proceedings were instituted, and an Ejectment Order obtained, the Magistrate apparently being left quite in the dark upon some salient features of the case before him. In the meantime, the unfortunate Mrs. House had tried to obtain other rooms. An extension of 14 days was granted her, but it was impossible to find accommodation in the neighbourhood, and finally the Ejectment Order was forcibly executed, her goods and chattels being turned into the street, and she and her children left homeless. She had been blameless, her behaviour beyond reproach. Her rent-book was a monument of just and regular payment. But her fickle husband had made love to Mrs. Sutton. Incriminating documents had been discovered. A pledge given to Mrs. House that this illicit intercourse should cease had been shamelessly broken. The landlady was deeply compromised. And so Mrs. House must be turned into the street, though no other shelter could be found. Meanwhile, we are glad to state that, through the kindness of a friend, Mrs. House and her family have found a temporary home, though she may at any moment be without a roof.

THE MISSING CURATE.

NICE LITTLE PARISH FUND THAT FOUND A HOME.

The simple parishioners of Holy Trinity with St. Andrew's Waterside, at Milton-next-Gravesend, have for some time been endeavouring to secure the services of "a third priest," a fund for this special purpose having been created. Sweeter than spice, they are rarer than sugar; the Churchwardens were left in embarrassing possession of a "Curate Fund" applicable to no particular purpose—£140 collected and nothing to spend it on. In these rather pathetic circumstances, it is illuminating to relate that the Vicar of Holy Trinity has manfully come to the aid of the Churchwardens with a public-spirited consent to take the money off their hands. It seems that the reverend gentleman has lately been somewhat straitened in circumstances owing to the exceptional demands of the Inland Revenue Department, to say nothing of the fact that for six years past he has generously augmented his Curate's stipend to the extent of £10 per annum, and the Churchwardens therefore "venture to think that the members of the congregation would not wish the Vicar to be out of pocket, and at the same time have a fund of £140 lying idle." The Vicar has been prevailed upon to accept practically the whole of the idle Fund, which might otherwise have contrived to get itself spent upon some far less worthy object. Thus does self-sacrifice bring its own reward. But what if the "third priest" comes along?

BUILDING A HEN-HOUSE.

AN ECONOMY EXPERIMENT AND ITS COST.

Many of us would like to keep fowls, in the hope that the fowls might return the compliment by helping to keep us—to feed them that they may live until they feed us when they die. Such hopes appear doomed to disappointment, for those who dwell in a town like, say, Edinburgh. A gentleman residing there has related his disastrous, but amusing, experiences as a poultry-keeper. Having been successful with his chicks in the country, he anticipated an equal fortune within the city walls. He had a large garden, so he set about planning a sizeable hen-house and run. He bought wood for the walls, posts, roofing, wire-netting, feed troughs, water fountains, and a lot of other necessities, costing altogether £4 15s. Then he started to build. Almost as soon as his hammer drove home its first nail, the police were on his track. What permission had he, they demanded, to build a hen-house? And he guilelessly replied, "My landlord's," thinking that would fill the bill. In a day or two an Inspector called, with orders from the Borough Engineer that the work must cease. But the builder proceeded with his job, so back came the Inspector to tell the daring one that, if he insisted on going ahead, he must submit plans. Accordingly he submitted photos of the house, garden, and surroundings, but they were greeted derisively. Nothing but architect's plans were admissible. They were procured for 30s., and there was a sum of 5s. to pay for Court fees. After the usual long period of legal delay, the permit to build was graciously vouchsafed, and the work proceeded. Before it was finished the City Fathers and the Government sent their emissaries with more demands—5s. for Property and Income tax, 3s. 7d. for Burgh assessments and water, and 10d. for the poor and schools. It was necessary to secure some birds, and to persuade them to lay quickly, to recoup all this outlay—so our adventurer ordered six last year's pullets and one cock, of a favourite breed, and paid 42s. to a dealer for them. When the birds arrived, they proved to be small and sickly, and of a breed so bewildering that he describes them as mongrel Irish terriers. He got them into decent health, but they were useless to breed from, so he cooked the cock for dinner. The hens were unsatisfactory layers, and the price of grain and other food-stuffs mounted so rapidly that there was a daily loss—so the birds had to be killed off. The victim says he now keeps a canary and finds it cheaper, but his only real consolation was that he had plenty of wood to burn while coal was dear.

WOEFUL WASTE.

BUMBLE ON THE "BUST" AT STAMFORD.

"Astounding Revelations" are reported from Stamford, where the supply of food and other necessities to the local Poorhouse has recently been the subject of inquiry. It seems that the Special Committee appointed to investigate matters have recommended sweeping reductions in the quantities of goods supplied to the order of the Guardians, there being clear evidence of wholesale waste in the Workhouse administration. It does not appear, however, that the inmates have benefited by this lavish expenditure of public money; for while the cost of the paupers' food has worked out at an average of only 4s. 8d. per head per week, the satisfaction of official appetites for the same period had involved a charge of 12s. per head of the staff. Elsewhere stranger anomalies were discovered. In the course of a single year, 359 tons of coal and coke were delivered to the Workhouse for the feeding of the fires and one small furnace, and of this extravagant quantity there were 129 tons which "could not be accounted for at all." Generally speaking, "eating coke" is a matter of precept rather than of practice, and how this mass of fuel can have gone astray and left no trace it is not easy to imagine. At any rate, the phenomenon is one which the officials responsible should be peremptorily challenged to explain. Unfortunately, at a recent meeting of the Guardians, there was a noticeable tendency to shelve discussion of the Committee's report; but we venture to hope that, upon further reflection, the Board may see the wisdom of prompt and decisive action in the interests of the ratepayers of Stamford, who at this season of stress have no money to burn.

To the Members of the BRITISH PUBLIC

THE DEMAND for economy is pressing, and the need is no less urgent and no less vital. Sensible economy may be defined as eliminating waste, banning extravagance, and making the most of what is available. The strength of the nation in muscle and nerve must be maintained though the upkeep be lower than what we once considered the standard. Stern measures are taken and they must be obeyed.

How are we to keep up our physical strength, our mental alertness, our vitality—and yet conserve our food?

The answer plainly lies in the selection of articles of diet which possess the maximum food value and stamina-producing qualities. There is Vi-Cocoa, which tens of thousands in this country are drinking to-day as an essential part of their morning and evening meal. These people know and appreciate Vi-Cocoa; many of them have taken this food beverage for a number of years and they feel from experience that it is something good—something easy to digest—something to stimulate and provide strength when strength is needed most.

Soldiers and sailors, munition workers, men and women in sedentary occupations; strong men as well as invalids and convalescents; persons in every station and circumstance of life—all these enthusiastically endorse and testify to the health-giving powers of Vi-Cocoa.

I appeal to every member of the British Public to make Vi-Cocoa a regular and leading item in their list of foods for present-day consumption, and so practise the real and sound economy urged upon us all by Lord Devonport.

Grocers, chemists and stores all over the country sell Vi-Cocoa and are ready to serve you. Will you order your supply to-day?

J. Stander

Managing
Director.

THE WATFORD MFG. CO. LD.

MAKERS OF
Boisseliers Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa
and Freemans Food Products.

**VICTORIA WORKS
WATFORD, ENGLAND.**



LORD DEVONPORT Our New Food Controller

on the occasion of making his first speech in the House of Lords in his capacity as Food Controller said:—

"I desire to emphasise the point that anyone who spends extravagantly on food or tries to take more than is necessary is guilty of highly unpatriotic conduct."



LITTLE MISS VI

who plays her part in helping to win the war as the mascot of Vi-Cocoa. Britain's great Food-and-Drink product—is giving away

**£1 War
Certificates.**

You can get one every week until the end of

April, 1917. Little Miss Vi is making this distribution as the representative of the Watford Company, whose big factory at Watford employs upwards of 1,000 happy workpeople under ideal conditions of health and cleanliness. At this factory are made Vi-Cocoa, Freemans Soups—Real Turtle, Tomato and other kinds—and other delicacies.

**A DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET
AND 2/- VOUCHER**
for War Certificate Scheme

FREE

on Application.

To The
Watford
Mfg. Co., Ltd.,
Victoria Works,
Watford.

Please send me your descriptive booklet and 2/- VOUCHER for War Certificate Scheme FREE.

Name

Full address

COUPON FOR 2/- VOUCHER FOR "JOHN BULL" READERS.

SOME day I shall tell the story of the Kaiser's efforts to influence the British press both before and since the war. To-day I am able to show by new facts how closely he is still watching it. There is now in London an Englishman whose name is familiar to thousands, and who has just returned from Germany, where he has been ever since the war began. For special reasons, which would be quite easily understood if all the facts were published (I have been cognisant of them for some time), he has been exempt from internment, and, subject to certain formalities, has been free to roam about Berlin as he liked. I have been indirectly in touch with him for some months past, and there is no necessity for me to publish what he now tells me as to the condition of things in the enemy capital—I have anticipated his report, as my readers are aware. Put briefly, Germany is short of cash, short of food, and is getting short of men; and she knows she is beaten. "There you have the position in a sentence. But my friend—for I have known him for several years—brings me information of special interest to this journal.

The Kaiser and JOHN BULL.

Here is what I am told—I give the exact words from the signed statement before me. I do not divulge my informant's name, as he still has relatives in Germany. "The Kaiser is furious with JOHN BULL. He has given special orders to the police to seize at once any copy which gets into the country. You can always see them at the police stations. They are sent to a Government department, where every line is read and every passage referring to the Kaiser is specially marked. I know one of the officials concerned in the work. I asked him about his job. He told me that they had instructions to collect all the photographs they could get of the editor and all particulars of his career. He added, 'And it will surprise you to learn that we get special reports now and then of his speeches.' This set me thinking, and I made up my mind to find out more. But I had to wait a long time. Then one day my chance came. It was at the Hotel Bristol—where, by the way, Sir Roger Casement was a frequent visitor—and I was sitting immediately next to a group of diplomatists and several members of the Kaiser's suite. In the course of their conversation I heard your name and that of JOHN BULL mentioned. I at once pricked up my ears, and something like this is what I heard: 'Bottomley and Northcliffe must be silenced. They are doing more harm than the British Army—especially Bottomley.' And then the speaker produced a copy of JOHN BULL, and pointing to something I could not see, remarked, 'That's the kind of thing which does us so much harm.' I believe it was one of your cartoons, but am not sure. At any rate, you may take it that you are the best-hated man in Germany to-day. The papers all speak of you as the most popular man in Britain, and nothing will convince them that you are not in the pay of the Government to inflame public opinion against Germany. It is all Bottomley and Northcliffe—but especially Bottomley. An officer told me one day that with you two out of the way peace could be speedily arranged, and he added that one night when the Kaiser dined with his

KAISER, PRESS AND THE KAISER'S THREATS—PRESIDENT

By THE EDITOR

regiment, he spoke of you as 'the embodiment of all the worst characteristics of the British race,' and then added, 'when the time comes we shall know how to deal with him.' You may also take it that, despite all precautions, many copies of JOHN BULL get into the country—and there is always a keen desire to see what you have to say." Well, I will leave it at that.

President Wilson's Game.

It is an easy matter to get at the mind of the Kaiser. He knows he has lost the war, and he is struggling for a peace which will leave to him, not the spoils of war, but the thing he prizes most—his own ascendancy among his own people, as the "chosen of God"—the all-powerful War Lord. But when we come to fathom the mind of President Wilson we have to look for other motives, although so far as the controlling influence is concerned the driving force is the same—megalomania. What is Wilson's game? To me it is obvious. Having made himself secure in the Presidential chair, his one thought, his unswerving ambition, is to go down to history as the peace-maker. And at any price. It is time we dropped all attempts to put the best construction on the acts and words of Woodrow Wilson. In the long and hazardous months when the Allies were fighting the battle of Civilisation with their backs to the wall, the head of the greatest neutral power, the man who was "too proud to fight," either remained cynically silent or disgusted our virile manhood by softly-worded Notes which were an insult to intelligence and a menace to freedom. Mr. Bonar Law, in those sharp, compelling phrases which roused his audience to the wildest enthusiasm, justly declared, "What he is longing for we are fighting for." That is the best and straightest answer so far given to the Washington word-maker. Pious aspirations, breathed out in the safe security of the Senate, become ironical in the face of a world in arms. The President has lost his right to interfere; he has sacrificed all claims to consideration. This war is *our* war, the blood and the money, the sacrifice and the slaughter, have been ours to suffer and to give. Just as the Allies have waged war so they will make peace—without intervention and without interference. We can see through his little game; we can measure the value of his peace Notes and peace speeches. To-day the Allies are in arms against a monster who, having menaced the peace and security of nations, now desires nothing better than to live in amity with all the world. The time may come when the battle area will be shifted to another sphere—when the Pacific and not the Atlantic may be the waters tinged with the blood of fighting sailors. President Wilson has sight long enough to visualise that day, and seeing the menace of the Future he would reap the advantage of the Present; measuring the troubles that may fall, not upon Europe, but upon America in the days to come, he would make terms to our despoise, in order to guarantee the safety of

S AND PRESIDENT.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S GAME EXPOSED.

THE EDITOR.

others in the years before us. A League of Nations to make war impossible is a selfish as well as an idle dream. But whether in the process of time that dream is ever realised, even in part, it must not be fulfilled at our expense. Mr. Wilson pretends to appeal *against* force. But don't you see that he is appealing *to* force—that his League of Nations must be founded on the power to work the will of the League? And the power of nations rests upon naval and military strength. The Kaiser himself, humbled hypocrite that he now is, would set up such a League to prevent the just retribution that Fate has decreed for him and his House. In very truth, this is playing *his* game. To declare the "freedom of the seas" is to leave the German nation strong for land war while stripping us bare of our naval strength. If Mr. Wilson had his way, and peace were made on the Yankee pattern, Germany—while menacing the world with a great army—would ride the seas with impunity, carrying in her own ships to her own ports provisions and munitions drawn from the four quarters of the world. He pleads for a peace robbed of victory over the arch-enemy. He would leave the Hun strong on land and make him free to be the unchecked marauder of the seas. That is the picture as the wild Mr. Wilson would see it drawn. How do you like it? When I think of the accusing silence of the United States President through all those days of horror in Belgium, of his wild and futile reproofs for the sickening sins of Germany on the waters, of his academic impotence in face of repeated challenges to freedom and liberty and life—yes, life of American citizens, too—then I am lost in amazement and disgust at these recent attempts to circumscribe the duty of the Allies and to whittle down the sentence on the foe.

The "Tino" Touch.

Mr. Wilson seems to me to be deeply imbued with the "Tino touch." To a large extent, his position is similar to that of his Greek prototype—each of them is under strong German influence. Tino has the Kaiser's sister to placate, whilst Mr. Wilson—whatever his personal sentiments—is compelled always to keep one eye on the Teuton population of America. True, many thousands of them fled to the States to avoid military service—but "once a German, always a German." However, whatever be the explanation of this latest outburst, it must be recognised that it comes much nearer to definite intervention between the belligerents than anything the President has ventured upon before. We have been told, for instance, that in any case Poland is to become a united and autonomous State. We wonder whether Mr. Wilson has the Kaiser's authority for that declaration—which, of course, means the denuding of the German and Austrian Empires of considerable territory; and it is significant that up to the present there has been no official disavowal by the enemy of this item. Can it be the fact

that, prior to his recent visit to New York, Mr. Gerard, the American Ambassador to Berlin, was handed by the Kaiser a list of terms to which Germany is prepared to agree, and authorised by him to deal them out piecemeal? But what about the more general ruminations of the philosophic Wilson, who, I feel convinced, has made up his mind not to be outdone by our own Philosopher-Foreign Secretary? In future, it appears, every nation is to be governed only according to the will of its people—an announcement which, I am sure, will be read with lively satisfaction in the Philippines! Is this an Asquithian method of communicating yet another item in Germany's Peace Terms—viz., that she will not insist upon the restoration of her colonies, and is prepared to give up Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig-Holstein? Really, I begin to believe we are getting on! Does Mr. Wilson for a moment imagine that any international Peace Council could guarantee Germany's good behaviour so long as she had the *power* for mischief? And, surely, it is a new doctrine that when great nations have deliberately resorted to the arbitrament of the sword, the conflict should resolve itself into what the American boxing authorities call a "No decision" contest. Evidently, Mr. Wilson had this institution in his mind. But the war is not a pugilistic exhibition; it is Ordeal by Battle—and he who "draweth the sword shall perish by the sword." "Peace without victory" be damned! I prefer even victory without peace!

A Fight to 'a Finish!

It is the pedagogic President's dream, I repeat, to be the peace-maker. Let him awake from his rosy slumbers. Not for him the honour and the glory. He would like to stand in the "spot light" of posterity the centre of the stage figures in the dusk of Armageddon, lit by the splendid rays of peace. But for others is reserved the pride and the power. Those who have led the Allied Nations to great enterprise—who have fought on the field against the combined foe and will win victory not by the mouthing of words but by the fire of mighty deeds—such will be the central figures in the great scene wherein the victors exact the penalties from the foe. To-day, under a new Government called to the highest task that can be committed to the hands of men, the British nation the world over is determined to fight this quarrel to a finish. There will be no faltering; there can be no compromise. Our might on the seas has saved our Empire and preserved Civilisation from ruin. Let the United States, let the whole world, know that—whatever else may be discussed when soldiers and statesmen draw up the articles of Peace—the right and duty of the British Peoples to rule the seas, in the name of the commerce of the world and for the sake of the humanity of the world, will be outside the area of argument. Look after your own affairs, Mr. President; you have big problems ahead—a long seaboard to protect, a great country to organise. Leave us to our duties and our destinies. Hands off, Mr. President; keep out of the ring! We don't want, and we won't have, your interference just when the fight is about to become fast and furious. And you will be much safer outside!

THE VOLCANO'S EDGE.

A CALL FOR STERN AND STATESMANLIKE ACTION.

A loyal Irish correspondent is indignant because, in an American city, a "Sinn Féin" Ball is announced for an early date in February. The tickets of admission, "price 50 cents," bearing the German motto, "God Punish England!" With such a protest we have every sympathy, but, unhappily, it is not necessary to cross the Atlantic to find evidence of Irish sedition. Blackguardly attacks upon British soldiers are by no means uncommon. Quite recently there was a disgraceful affray in the streets of Cork. A party of 200 soldiers, stationed at Ballinacorney, had been invited by the Methodist community to an entertainment at the Wesley Hall. The event was the occasion for an outburst of venomous rancour on the part of the seditious element in the city. It was an organised movement. Concerted songs were sung. The rebel mob moved to orders and responded to signals. As the soldiers left the Wesley Hall to march back to their quarters, they were assailed with a fusillade of stones and other handy missiles. Discipline forbade retaliation, until at length the situation became so serious that the men in khaki were given permission to charge the mob. The cowards then fled for their lives, but it was not till hours afterwards that order was completely restored. During the evening the streets were "picketed" with groups of Sinn Féiners. Loyal citizens were accosted and hustled. "Are you a rebel?" was the challenge. Only an affirmative sign could bespeak safety. The reptile press of Dublin and the provinces is as active as ever. Animated by mistaken notions of prudence or paralysed by sheer pusillanimity, the Government authorities are permitting the open advocacy of treason, the deliberate fostering of sedition. Our recent demand for the suppression of the *Irish Nation*, the *Irishman*, *Irish Opinion*, and other avowed organs of the Sinn Féin movement, has been loftily ignored in just the same pathetic way as in the early days of the war—while the Easter rebellion was in the making—our solemn warnings went unheeded.

A PALTRY PROSECUTION.

BROMLEY BENCH DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES IN A SCHOOL CASE.

At Bromley, Kent, the Bench—consisting of Mr. T. C. Dewey, in the chair, Alderman T. Davis and Mr. R. L. Powell—have inflicted a fine of 5s. on Mrs. Matthews, the wife of a soldier, for neglecting to send her boy to school, though, in fact, the most that could be urged against her, even on that score, was that the child had missed eight out of 70 possible attendances. Her husband is now in hospital in this country, as a result of a compound fracture he received in France. Volunteering for service in the first year of the war, he left behind him a wife and five children, she receiving an allowance of 27s. a week, including an allotment of 3s. 6d. from his pay. Finding that this was insufficient, Mrs. Matthews has had to undertake charring work, and has latterly been compelled to keep the eldest boy at home for half-a-day a week to take care of the younger children—the only alternative would have been to pay a woman to mind them. All these facts were, or could have been, known to the Attendance Officer and the Education Authority. Little enough a soldier's wife and children have to live on; they are entitled to some consideration, even from the law, in their struggles for existence. As the local Education Authority, so the local Magistrates. They did not regard the circumstances at all. "Only there to administer the law," they imposed the fine stated. In giving the poor woman a week to pay this harsh and heavy tax upon her scanty earnings, Mr. Dewey could not resist threatening her that if she came up again on a similar charge the fine would be doubled—knowing well that he, with his skin whole, would return from the Magisterial Bench to a luncheon of good things and plenty, while this woman, with her husband suffering in hospital, would go home to share with her children a sparse repast, and thereafter work for many, many hours early and late to pay the fine the Bench had inflicted upon her. Assuredly, such cases as these do not help the soldier in his fight, or his wife and family in patient endurance of their trials.

The Senior Service on

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"CLASSIC" CIGARETTES

II.—The Submarine's Commander.

10 for 4d.

"WHEN a dive is suddenly a healthy necessity—after the hull of an enemy destroyer has barely scraped my periscope—it's then I say to the boys—'A "Classic," lads!' And be sure they enjoy 'em. Really top-hole Virginia, of rare and true American Flavour, they've got a way of rounding off these innumerable adventures of which the public hear nothing and of which 'The Trade' knows so much."

"Classic" Cigarettes are of carefully selected American Virginia tobacco—a most unusual feature in a 10-for-4d. cigarette. They are free from dust, smooth-smoking, and luxurious to the last whiff.

On sale everywhere:

100	50	25	10
3/4	1/8	8d.	4d.

Exceptionally fine pictures on silk in each packet and box.



Made by MURATTI'S, famous throughout the world for "ARISTON" and "NER-KA" T. Irish Cigarettes.

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are prepared to assist small investors to pay for £50 to £500 nominal in 5 per cent. War Loan

OUT OF FUTURE SAVINGS.

£5 per £100 Stock payable on application.

£10 per £100 Stock payable monthly until the official price of £95 per £100 Stock has been paid in full, thus extending the period of payments over Nine instead of Three months as under the official scheme.

The Stock will then be handed to the subscribers, who will, in the meantime, be credited with the full 5 per cent. dividend.

No charge will be made beyond interest on the outstanding purchase money at Bankers' official terms, viz., one per cent. below Bank of England Rate, with a minimum of 5 per cent.

Full Particulars on Application.

MITCHELSON, LIMITED.

WONDERFUL NEW HAIR

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2 LADY MUNITION WORKERS !

SPECIAL INTERVIEW AND VALUABLE HINTS ON BEAUTIFUL HAIR CULTIVATION AT HOME.

Invitation to every reader to write for an absolutely FREE "Harlene Hair-Drill" New Year Gift Outfit.

WHILE Mmunition Workers are especially abundant and full tresses, so, therefore, it became a matter of earnest thought to us, chemist, at 1s., 2s. 6d. or 4s. 6d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, liable to hair troubles owing to the conditions under which their work is done. What to do? we asked ourselves, and this has been more than answered by Harlene. Our hair now was never in better condition—healthy, glossy, and not a trace of weakness. It is remarkable how many of us are using 'Harlene,' and the result is always the same, for all the women know that by practising this splendid method they are keeping their hair as bright and beautiful as their hearts can wish.

Almost without exception, women munition workers, and other women workers, complain of the way in which their hair is affected. The hair degenerates badly—gets "brittly," begins to "fall out," loses its "tone," is lowered in "vitality," and all this causes many heartburnings.

Two very typical cases have just come to hand—those of Miss Robins and Miss Lowe, of 6, Nightingale-place, Woolwich, two friends who both experienced hair

"We never tire of recommending 'Harlene,' and are positive that it is the finest preparation for the hair which women can use."

SPLENDID FREE GIFT FOR EVERY READER.

There is no longer the least excuse for anyone to remain a sufferer from hair trouble of any kind, for to every reader to-day is given an opportunity to prove the hair-beautifying qualities of "Harlene Hair-Drill" free of cost. The Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill," Mr. Edwards, will be only too pleased to send you a Free Trial Outfit comprising Four Gifts, on receipt of your application on the Free Coupon below.

The Free "Hair-Drill" Outfit contains:

1. A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.

ALARMING INCREASE OF HAIR TROUBLES.

There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles, but this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make the hair wonderfully bright and healthy.

Thin, Weak, Discoloured, Brittle, Greasy, Splitting, or Falling Hair robs a man or woman of even the semblance of youth. Accept, then, the special War Bonus and Fourfold Free Gift for the hair that Mr. Edwards announces to all readers.

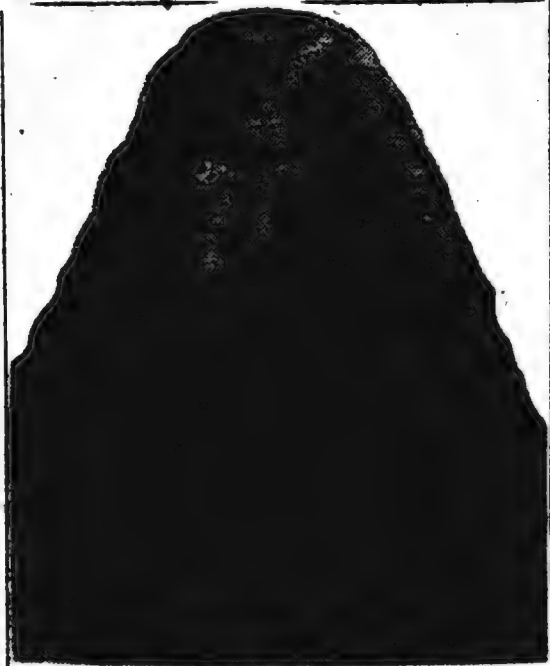
After a Free Trial you will be always able



Miss N. Lowe, also a munition worker, found her hair seriously affected by reason of the trying conditions of her special work. But she discovered the wonderful benefits to be obtained by practising "Harlene Hair Drill," and joins with her friend, Miss Robins, in expressing appreciation of its power to grow new hair.

Travellers, etc., in tins at 2s. 9d., with full directions as to use.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo Powder 2d. each, or 1s. per box of seven shampoos. Write to-day.

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed.



Miss A. Robins, a young lady engaged on munition work at Woolwich, tells of her interesting experience in cultivating beautiful hair, in the special interview reported here.

trouble, but who have found in "Harlene" all their hair requires. These ladies, when interviewed a few days ago, expressed themselves most emphatically as to the wonderful virtues of "Harlene":—

A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE IN HAIR CULTIVATION.

"We are delighted beyond measure," said they, "for we have now been using 'Harlene' for some time. For nearly six months we have been on munition work, and are as keen as ever in doing our 'bit'—just as all the other girls are—but from the start we noticed that our hair became affected. Our machines spray oil and lubricants into the hair, and as you lean over it cannot help but cover you, and then the atmosphere and many other things are against good hair.

"Now both of us are justly proud of our hair, for we have always had long,

FREE.



POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM.

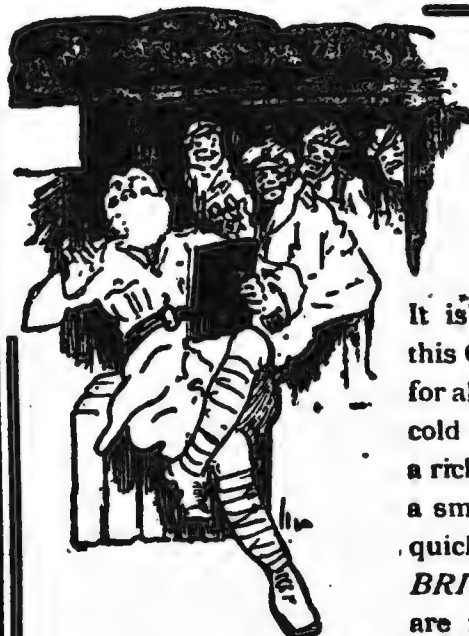
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Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Fourfold Hair-growing Outfit, as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

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It is really "some" soap this Gibbs's. Just the soap for all emergencies. A little cold water and the result—a rich, perfect lather, giving a smooth shave in double quick time—besides it's **BRITISH**—the country we are fighting for.

Gibbs's COLD CREAM **Shaving Soap**

Price 6d. and 1/-, of all Chemists.

GENEROUS TRIAL SAMPLES of Dentifrice, Cold Cream Soap, and Shaving Soap sent on receipt of 2d. in stamps.

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THE MEN OF THE V.A.D.

swear by the strength-supporting and sustaining qualities of **MILK-COCOA**. In the strain of their delicate and merciful work they find it the simplest and most convenient stimulant.

Rich in nutriment and sustenance, **MILKMAID MILK COCOA** is a beverage of unequalled food-value—delightfully comforting and invigorating.

MILKMAID BRAND MILK-COCOA

The most delicious and most economical cocoa you can buy. Made in a moment with boiling water only—neither milk nor sugar required.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores. Cash price, 3d., 5d., and 10d. per tin.



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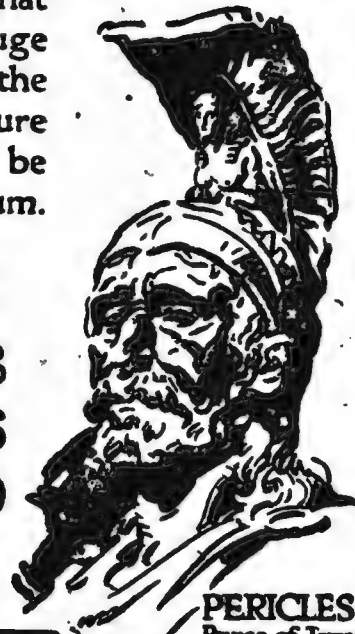
enjoy an enormous popularity, and this means that they can be produced in huge quantities, thus allowing the actual cost of manufacture of each Pericles Tyre to be reduced to the minimum.

IN ALL STANDARD SIZES
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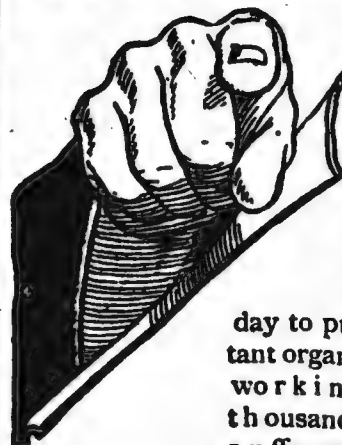
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Prince of Tyres
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IF YOU SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION



If you suffer from pains after eating, acidity, flatulence, headaches, biliousness or constipation, it is probably due to the fact that your organs of digestion—stomach, liver and bowels—have lost tone and need help. Begin to-

day to put
tant organs
working
thousands
sufferers
by taking
Seigel's



these impor-
into proper
order, as
of former
have done,
Mother
Syrup after

your meals. There are more than ten varieties of medicinal extracts contained in the Syrup, and these exert a wonderfully beneficial action on stomach, liver and bowels, enabling them to perform their functions naturally. In this way indigestion is banished and the whole system benefits in a remarkable manner. Put it to the test to-day.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The 2/9 Bottle contains three times as much as the 1/3 Bottle.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

THE BARBER'S WIFE.

Will you 'old yore 'ead still? 'Ow kin you hexpeck me to clip the ends with you orl on the figt? It's bad enough to 'ave to do the job at orl in me spare time! You 'aven't got no considerashun, you wimmin! You've orlways clipped yore own ends before. W'y can't you do it now? I think I kin, guess. You've knocked orl me twelve o'clock glarss, but you ain't satisfied wi' thet. Now you're a-goin' to break into me hour-an'-a-'arf in the evenin'. You know the 'ouses close at 'arf-parst nine. Well, 'ere it is, a quarter-parst eight, an yet you must shove this job onto me. . . . Well, let me git on with it, if it's gotter be done. Will you 'old yore 'ead still? I never see sich a woman! Becos you can't turn anybody else's 'ead ain't no reason w'y you should keep on turnin' yore own. . . . Wot's turned my 'ead? Thet you *never* did! 'Ow I come to marry you is a puzzle to me, unless it was I saw you expected it, an' didn't like to disappoint you. Thet's the worst of 'avin' a sorft 'eart—there's orlways some designin' woman ready to take advantage of it. . . . No, I sed sorft 'eart, not 'ead—though I reckon I must 'ave 'ad both in them days, to do wot I did. Will you 'old yore 'ead still or not? Somethink will very likely slip, if you don't take care. . . . Wot, now give you a wet shampoo? Now, look 'ere, ole gal, you come orl it! Do you want me to slave orl night as well as orl day? Look at the time! 'Ere it is 'arf-parst eight. And the 'ouses close at 'arf-parst nine! Cruelty, I calls it—cruelty to 'usban's. You know this is the only charnce I've got jurin' the day to read the papers. . . . Eh? Wot's the good o' porin' over the papers? Don't be ser silky! If I don't read the papers 'ow can I tork to me customers, Cabinek Ministers, an' such like? I ask you, 'ow would JOHN BULL git on? . . . Jest as well without me, would it? P'raps it would, but thet ain't got nuthink to do with it. . . . No, it ain't that I mind doin' yore 'air, but you didn't oughter incoach on me orl time, spesh'ly now the 'ouses close at 'arf-parst nine. . . . 'Oo's orlways poppin' in an' out between twelve an' 'arf-parst two? 'Ow can I, now you're in the shop? . . . Thet's w'y you're in the shop, is it? Yes, you told me thet larst week. Afterwards I thought o' somethink clever to say to you—wish I could remember it now. . . . Oh, stop it, fur 'eaven's sake! Shove yore 'ead over the basin, an' let's git it over. . . . Too 'ot? 'Ow's it now? . . . Too cold? Great Scott, 'ow do you want it? You're more trouble than a dozen customers wot pays fur wot they 'as done, an' leaves a tip. . . . No fear—you jolly well dry yore own 'air! You seem to forget the 'ouses close at 'arf-parst nine. 'Ave you cleared the till yet? . . . You 'ave? An you won't give me nuthink unless I dry yore 'air? There's a lovin' wife for yer! An' she knows the 'ouses close at 'arf-parst nine! Well, come on, then! I dessay I shall be in time to see the door banged in me face. . . . An' yet there's fools gittin' married every day!

AN ANTICIPATED EPITAPH.

PRESIDENT WILSON.

Here
Atte peace
(Ye whych hee craved atte anie pryce)
Lyeth one

Woodrow Wilson,

One tyme President of
Ye Untidy States of Americka.

Hee
Was notte raised bye hys doatyng
mother
Too bee
A Soldier,
Butte

A College Professor,
And a professor hee remayned
All ye terme of hys natural.

When ye Hohenzollern Hell Hound
Lette loose hys herde of murderous swine
Upon peaceful Europe,
Woodrow,

Instead of lendyng a hand toe crush
Ye noxious and filthie beastes,
Professed hymselfe

"Toe proude toe fyght";
And even when certayne Americkan
citizens

(Whom itt was hys dutie toe proteckt)
Were murdered atto sea in colde bloodo
By ye Huns

Hee contented hymselfe wyth wrytyng
A Note

Threatenyng toe holde ye sayed
murderers

"Toe strickt accountabilitie"
If they didde itt agayne.

Havyng once tasted ye joy
Of wrytyng ineffectual Notes
Hee lette hymselfe goe
And abandoned hymselfe too ye sayed
Unprofitable pleasure.

Note followed Note,
Until

Hee surpassed hys previous efforts
Bye askyng ye belligerents
"Toe declare, for ye love of Myke,
What they were fightyng for,
As itt appeared toe hym
Thatt ye ideals of all ye scrappers
Were identickal.

Being informed bye ye Allies
Thatt their intension was toe smash
German militarism
For goode and alle,
Hee stuck another straw in hys hair,
Satte downe,

And wrote one more Note,
Toe ye effectt thatt
Both sydes must accept peace
Wythout victorie.

Thys see amused ye Allies
Thatt
They laught hym toe death!

Here Woodrow Wilson lies,
Who tickled ye Allies,
And caused noe end of funne
Amongst ye trybes of Hun!
Another Note hee was aboute
When Death remarked, "Say,
cutte itt out!"

GAMAGES

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1/- per jar at Chemists, Storers, or from C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds.

A REMARKABLE HAIR GROWER.

Considering the countless hair tonics and washes which are offered to the public, it is interesting to learn that chemists everywhere are selling a tonic of such remarkable value as a hair grower and destroyer of the dandruff germ that they are authorised by the proprietors to return the money to any purchaser who is dissatisfied with the results after the use of a full bottle. This new tonic is called "Lavona Hair Tonic," and our readers will readily understand the secret of its success when they learn that it is made from the world-famous formula of 3 oz Bay Rum, 1 oz. Lavona de Composee, and 1 dram Menthol Crystals. If you suffer from falling hair, baldness, dandruff, an itching scalp, dry, brittle, or dull hair, you should at once purchase a bottle from your nearest chemist, a man whom you personally know, and whom you can trust to live up to his guarantee without question. The price is 2s. 11d. for a large bottle, and he will give you a signed guarantee to refund your money if you are dissatisfied.

[Ad. t.]

BOXERS AND BOXING.

By EUGENE CORRI.

"I am willing to listen to all offers; to any proposition," says Georges Carpentier to me—through my friend, Victor Breyer, in times of peace editor and part proprietor of the *Echo des Sports*—with regard to the cabled offer of £10,000 to meet Mike Gibbons and D'Arcy, "but what's the good? I am a soldier; I cannot hope to be released to engage in boxing, no matter how pure the intentions of the promoter may be." So there. All the talk and writings about the possibility of the French champion being permitted to forsake temporarily for the ring his aeroplane, in which he has won two decorations, and in which he has fought valiantly high in the air, are squelched. I would not make distinctions, for very truly they are odious, but I must say that the patriotic French boxer, in his point of view with regard to the war, seems to have given himself over to deeper thought than some of our British boys.

TWO PATRIOT "PUGS."

Many times have I wondered what has happened to Charles Ledoux, the really amazing bantam. Highly coloured stories have been told of him; I believe he has been reported dead many times. It is good to know, however, that he is very much alive. That he escapes the one knock-out that matters, and comes back to us as the pocket Hercules we know him to be, every sportsman hopes. Ledoux, contrasted, say, with Joe Bowker, was made to suffer. He was no magician, as was Bowker at his best, but for his inches he was, whenever I saw him, a marvel. In *mufti*, I have seldom met a quieter boy; stripped for the ring, he was a red-eyed demon. Johnny Hughes, a good enough boy to show exactly the manner of opponent Ledoux is, will surely subscribe to this opinion of mine. Cardiff, one Saturday night in 1914. Eh? Wasn't this French lad something too awful? Let Carpentier and Ledoux be spared, and JOHN BULL will see to it that they are re-introduced as two who have done much to teach young France what a tremendous difference there is between *la savate* and fighting with fists. We used to laugh in our sleeves when Frenchmen set out to play two games which we thought belonged entirely to ourselves—boxing and Rugby football. Now we don't. There is going to be a great boxing France and a Rugby football France. Scotland will not say she won't play the Frenchmen again. Oh, this war! What

—despite its cruelties, its awfulness, its butchery—has it not done? In sport, as in all things, we will start *de novo* when we are free to get back to our muttons.

At the Eccentric Club last Sunday afternoon there was a big effort made on behalf of our wounded soldiers. Of course, boxing had to figure in the programme of events, a significant circumstance surely. Hardly any charity nowadays, if it is to appeal to men, is considered to be properly arranged without a little scrapping. I was appealed to, and in the absence of Master Toodles—now on the High Seas—I allowed Mickey and Sydney Corri to stay away from Sunday school so that they might help the noble cause.

A TIP FOR THE TYRO.

During the past two years or so we have had abundant evidence that every boy who is worth his salt will box. I hope to see the day when the "noble art" is made part of the curriculum at all our schools—not the Public Schools, but those which have to do with the boys who provide the backbone of the nation—the Council Schools. Until that happy day arrives, may I say this to the youngsters who seek to excel in what to me is the greatest of all games?—Cut out the idea that success at boxing comes mainly from sheer force and strength; don't imagine that boxing has anything to do with wrestling; don't set out to win by copying any school other than the severely British—which is to stand up straight and have a good, healthy "go." I am prompted to say this by the tactics common to many young men who from time to time appear in public. In the days of my youth many of the young professionals I see now would not be tolerated for one moment, simply and solely because they don't know the first rules of boxing; they more often than not don't box at all; they hug, wrestle, and polka-mazurka, which if you protested against they would have the impudence to call "in-fighting." We must really do something with the young men who make a trade of fighting for their bread and cheese!

Do listen to this: Canadian, very flush, on leave from the Front, met Tommy, also from the trenches. Said the Canuck: "Have a drink?" "Not half," replied our Tommy, like quick-sticks. "What will you take?" "A pint." "Say, where do you come from?" "London." "London, Ontario?" "No; London—half the blinking earth!"

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(Feb. 3, 1917.)

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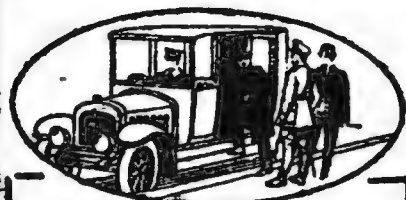
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Of all Chemists 1/3 & 3/- a jar, or direct from
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TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:

"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheese-paring, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."

Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, 19th August, 1916.

One More for JOHN BULL.

We recently referred to the scanty dole meted out to the Second-Class Writers at the A.O. Department at Greenwich, compared with the pay given to the higher classes. We are glad to note that the result has been an increase of 8s. a week in the men's salary.

Combing Out the Fit.

An officer who passed into the artillery in 1909 proved to be a man of excellent worth. He was recently ordered to go through the siege course, which he was expected to finish within a fortnight. He failed, and has been gazetted out of the Army, although his services were applied for by two Commanding Officers. Does this interest the Army Council? We cannot afford to scrap our best Artillery officers.

Suffering at Seaford.

"Unfortunately, for some time I have been in isolation with measles. This isolation place is about the limit. The hut is an old officers' sleeping quarters; we use our own beds, and have to rely on our food being sent us from our own huts, half a mile distant. When I came in I lay on the bare boards for ten hours, six of which were spent fireless. I have had enough of command depots; they do not impress me favourably, anyway. What says the Brigadier-General?"

Shivering in Their Skins.

We have shoals of complaints about the absence of fires in soldiers' billets, and similar grumbles concerning huts and barracks where coal appears to be doled out in ounces. We do not contend that the allowance given to billeting landlords is sufficient to include a fire that would be fit to roast an ox, but when—after a hard day in the open, with bitter weather—men come in damp and cold, they should be given the means of warming themselves. When will the bulk of the men's officers take an interest in their commands?

Riding the Pole.

Once more we ask the authorities to abolish the brutal and inhuman punishment known as "Riding the Pole," which has been adopted by a Cavalry Division in France, having been invented in India to punish natives. We abolished the cat and triangle in the Army, and it is now up to some Member of Parliament taking a real interest in our soldiers, to have "Riding the Pole" relegated to limbo. It is not provided for in King's Regulations, and we suggest that the General in Command of the Division should be given a few hours' dose of it, to see how he would like it.

Manufacturing "Criminals."

We read in the Ampthill Command Depot Orders:—"Men excused duty, light duty, or attending hospital, will parade at noon daily, outside the recreation room, under the Provost Sergeant." They are then marched around to the canteen to be exhibited to the Sergeant, just as if they were defaulters or had committed a crime. We want to see this altered, and would ask the Commanding Officer if he does not consider it more just—the Provost Sergeant being a Military Police official—to have the men paraded with an ordinary Non-Commissioned Officer. It is not playing the game to treat our sick and wounded practically as criminals.

A Fishy Case.

In a regiment in the Irish Command was a Quarter-Master-Sergeant who was caught red-handed falsifying his accounts: he frankly admitted that his peculations had extended back for six months. The matter was brought to the notice of his Colonel, who shut his eyes to the seriousness of the offence and did not, as required by Regulations, report it to the General. He allowed the Q.M.S. to revert to his original rank of Corporal, and almost immediately put another stripe on his arm. The circumstances cause unpleasant inferences to obtrude themselves upon us.

Killing Them Off.

Recently a man reported at Manchester for medical examination. He fell in with a batch of recruits to be marched to Hulme Town Hall, but being too ill to walk was conveyed in a car. At the Town Hall he stripped with the other men—discarding the cotton wool with which he had swathed himself—and was kept in an unheated room for three-quarters of an hour. His enlistment was deferred for two months, but he will never join the Army, as, owing to the chill he contracted, he died. His medical attendant gave his parents the kindly-meant but hardly sustaining consolation, "You may thank the military authorities for this!"

A Colchester Victim.

Another case—this time at Colchester—concerns a private of the Dorsets, who was seriously ill with inflammation of the kidneys. He "reported sick" on the Saturday, and was given two pills. On Sunday he reported again to the Orderly Corporal, and was told that the doctor never saw any sick on Sunday, unless the complaint was serious. The coroner's jury added a rider to their verdict to the effect that the case required investigation by the military authorities—and we agree with them.

Briton and Hun.

Some baby-killers were drowned in a wrecked Zeppelin. Being washed ashore at Hartlepool the other day, they were given a first-class military funeral. In the same neighbourhood a member of the crew of one of our mine-sweepers—carrying out the most dangerous of all duties—was accidentally drowned. He was put into the ground like any ordinary pauper. Comment would be out of place.

Only Transferred.

A few weeks ago we referred to a Dutch Chief Officer who was posted on board a merchant ship in the service of the Government. We are glad he has been removed from the vessel—though the owners have simply transferred him to one of their other boats, which is not under the Admiralty. It is time for Whitehall to think!

Helping the Enemy.

We are not in love with all Swedes, for we more than suspect that a proportion of them act on this side of the North Sea as eyes and ears for Germany. The other day, at a certain London dock, there were several flying machines on the quay, boldly marked:—"Air Department, ——. From — and Co., England." Alongside were several Swedish ships loading and discharging. The British officials, had they been in the pay of the Huns, could not render much better service than this.

Taking it Out of Jack.

Some of our Bluejackets put it to us that the Great Central Railway are not playing the game with them. They have to pay sixpence for the journey on the Electric Railway from Inningham to Grimsby. All the dockyard workmen, who receive a war bonus, are charged only half that sum. Perhaps the directors will be more generous when they read this. No Bluejacket is a niggardly chap; but Jack likes justice.

OUR PENSIONS INQUIRY DEPARTMENT

By Our . . . Pensions Expert.

Since the outbreak of war our Pensions Expert—a retired officer of long experience—has conducted an Inquiry Department by correspondence, and many thousands of cases have passed through his hands, in each of which he has given advice of value. We have decided to publish, weekly, replies to typical complaints, which will be of help not only to inquirers, but also be of general interest. In the meantime, we shall continue to advise by post when dumped addresses envelope is enclosed for the purpose.

Mrs. B. (Camberwell).—Unless you leave the London district for a few weeks only, continuing to pay rent in your absence, the special Metropolitan area allowance is cut off. You say that your residence away from London is merely of a "temporary nature, for the duration of the War." I am afraid, however, that you cannot claim to have the allowance restored.

Mrs. W. P. B. (Cheltenham).—You should see Miss Sybil Kerr, at the Municipal Offices. She will look into your case.

H. S. (Catterick Bridge).—You are not entitled to a pension, as you have been only two months in the Army, and suffered from the ailment before you joined.

W. W. (Deptford).—I sent your case to the Pay Authorities, and I am glad to know that the money has been forwarded.

Mrs. F. J. (Cuttley).—The extra allowance will be granted only to children who are not over the age of fourteen.

J. M. (Cumberland).—You should write to either Lady Isabel Howard or Lady Guilford, at The Courts, Carlisle.

A. M. S. (Belfast).—As your son did not make an allotment in your favour, I regret that you are not entitled to a pension.

A. V. M. (Merion).—I sent your case forward, and have received an official notification that it will be immediately dealt with.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. Walter Angus, 5768, London Regt.; Pte. W. H. Phelps, 7107, London Regt.; Pte. H. V. Woollard, 40730, Leicestershire Regt.; Pte. R. Scheidegger, 8016, London Regt.; Pte. H. Jordan, 4747, C Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. E. G. A. Wilson, 43022, Suffolk Regt.; L./Cpl. H. Fitzsimmons, 429, C Coy., Middlesex Regt.; Pte. L. C. Wilcox, 15/1307, B Coy., Royal Warwicks; Pte. Albert Banner, 31105, 6th Section, C Coy., York and Lancaster Regt.; Pte. A. Lynham, 21135, B Coy., Machine Gun

Section, R.D.F.; Pte. F. G. Waldoek, 15649, B Coy., Royal Sussex Regt.; Pte. D. Duncan, 333, B Coy., East Yorks Regt.; Rfm. E. W. Aldridge, 4685, D Coy., Queen's Westminster Rifles; Pte. C. Maple, 20660, 6 Coy., Welsh Regt.; Pte. F. Dria, 28651, A Coy., Gloucester Regt.; Gnr. J. P. Palmer, 18,925, B Battery, R.F.A.; Pte. G. W. Tennison, 36110, A Coy., Yorkshire Regt.; Pte. A. J. Gordon Taylor, A Coy., Highland Light Infantry; Rfm. W. J. Archur, 13968, A Coy., Royal Irish Rifles.

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which explains my methods and shows what my students say my System has done for their playing, and judge for yourself what it can do for you. I have also a Course for Beginners who can not know a note. Give me your full address (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and add the word Advanced, Moderate, Beginner or Beginner, as may best fit your case.



A Typical Letter I am del. to with the 15. 10. They are wonderful. Give me your full address and the word Advanced, Moderate, Beginner or Beginner, as may best fit your case.

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Removes Iron-mould. Rust. Fruit, and Ink Stains from Clothing, Marble, etc.

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CATESBYS

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And it needs no scrubbing. Every wife should see our free patterns. Ask for Set No. 14.

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Health and happiness are impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FR E BOOK (highly interesting) shows how lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain-fog, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. My treatment succeeds when all else has failed. BE EFFICIENT! Stop moping, and become the success you were meant to be. Extracts from a complete allment. Sympathetic and expert reply by return. THE FR E BOOK.

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2d. Soups

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

OUR WAR SUFFERERS' FUND—IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to 15s. according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases received during the past week.

The work of the administration of our Fund is one long experience of pathos, but once in a while a little romance enters into it. A few weeks ago we mentioned the case of a girl who had been deceived by a soldier—and a pitiful case it was. Our paragraph had two results: A kind-hearted lady came forward and adopted the little stranger, whilst three days afterwards a fine type of soldier visited our offices, expressed his sympathy with the girl, and asked us to put her in communication with him, with a view to marriage. We are glad to learn that the man is shortly to be given leave home from the trenches for the ceremony. Thus everything ends happily, thanks to our half dozen lines.

There is romance also in the case of a girl who was similarly placed, and giving up her struggle in despair, had decided to enter the workhouse. On her way there she met an old sweetheart, now in khaki, whom she had not seen for ten years. The result was that the man saved her from the "house," and proposed marriage, towards the expenses of which we contributed.

The unofficial widow of a man who was killed in the trenches was, on a charge of hawking without a licence, recently given a month's imprisonment with hard labour. She was released without a penny in her pocket, as she has no allowance from the Government. On her asking us for assistance to procure food and lodging, and pay her fare home to her people, we of course readily responded.

Another soldier's widow, who has been ill for some time, has a pension of 10s. a week. Before her husband enlisted she had a comfortable home, he being in a well-paid position. When we visited the poor woman we found her in acute distress, which we immediately relieved.

A sailor went down on a liner that was torpedoed while on Government service.

He left a widow and little daughter, the former suffering from mental shock and general debility. She has a pension of 15s. a week, but cannot work and has to pay out of that meagre sum for help. We took steps to put matters right for her.

The mother of a young soldier in France lost her husband last week. His illness had drained her resources, and when he died she was practically penniless; her only source of income now is her son's allotment of 3s. 6d. a week. It looked as though the poor fellow would have to rest in a pauper's grave, until the circumstances were placed before us.

A soldier, home on short leave from the Mediterranean, found his widowed mother in terrible distress—she had bravely left him in ignorance of her circumstances when writing to him at the front. Naturally the man felt the position keenly, and called upon us the day before he started back for duty. We took instant action, and the soldier has returned to his work with a lighter heart.

The widowed mother of a sailor boy killed by his ship being mined, was granted an allowance of 10s. a week from the Admiralty, but the sum has now been reduced to 5s. Her lad was her only support, and when circumstances became too hard for her she came to us, with the customary result.

A very deserving War sufferer has two weakly children, who require medical attention and expensive nourishment. She appended in vain to the various other Funds, but at last came to us—when, of course, we assisted as usual. We regret the cold treatment of this British woman, and mentally compare it with that of a German female, whose husband is interned, and who a few weeks ago was given, by one of these Funds, for pairs of boots for her children—being further favoured by having her return fare paid to Alexandra Palace, so that she might exchange Christmas greetings with her German lord and master!

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. B., 1s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; A. B., 6s.; J. B. S., 1s.; O. N., 2s. 6d.; M. W., 1s.; "Old Soldier Re-enlisted," 1s.; "Mao," 2s.; "Officers and Crew," 2s. 6d.; "Good Luck," 2s. 6d.; "A Sailor's Sweetheart," 6d.; "Charles and Marion," 3s. 6d.; "From a Friend," 6s.; M. B., 1s.; D. B., 10s.; "Katori," 10s.; "Scottish Horseman's Two Babies," 6d.; W. B., 1s.; Mrs. R. G. T., 2s.; O. G., 1s.; W. E. T., 1s.; W. Y., 2s.; "The Children of Boholoy Hill School," 10s.; B. H. P. (Liverpool), 1s. 6d.; R. J. U. (Leicester), 10s.; "One who is indebted to You," 5s.; "Sootsman," 5s.; Officers and men of H.M.S. Mastiff, 23 1/2s.; "An Australian," 5s.; K. D. (Milford Haven), 2s. 6d.; "Gran," 1s.; "Constant Reader" (Hullfax), 6d.; Contents of "Swear Box," 87s.; Mess. 9th Btn. B.W.K. hgt., 10s.; E. H. (Manchester), 1s.; K. B. (Brighton), 2s.; M. H. W., 6d.; J. MOK., 6d.; "Higgins," 1s. 6d.; O. O. (Canada), 4s.; C. H., 1s. 6d.; H. R., 1s.; E. P., 1s.; J. S. (Monkstown), 2s. 6d.; T. F., 1s.; G. B. T., 6d.; H. W. W. (S. Africa), 2s.; J. B. (Egypt), 2s.; A. H. H. (S. Africa), 2s.; R. O., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Weekly Collection, Messrs. Short Bros. Aeroplane Works, Eastchurch, 28s.; "Limejuicer," 2s. 6d.; J. P. B., 5s.; "Scampersden," 10s.; A. P., 1s.; "Grubbin'," 6s.; A. O. V., 1s.; "Anon," 1s. 6d.; M. W., 6d.; "A Poor Widow" (Chatham), 2s.; A. N. B., 1s.; E. L. H. (Book Perry), 2s.; S. W., 6d.; H. B., 1s.; E. H., 1s.; A. W., 2s.; W. G. M., 1s.; J. E., 2s. 6d.; "An Englishman," 1s.; Cayton Planters' One Day's Pay Fund, 23s.; S. J., 1s.; A. C., 1s.; J. T. A., 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; Weekly Collection, O. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5872," 1s.

COLLECTING BOXES.

CARDIFF.—Mr. Wm. Wood, Ocean House, Clarence Road, 12s.

GLASGOW.—Mr. W. M. Wylie, 170, North Street, 2s. 6d.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. E. A. Williams, "Greyhound Hotel," Chester Road Hulme, 15s. 6d.; Mr. J. T. Bepko, Smithfield Market, 4s. 6d.; Mr. G. Faanon, "Palstaff Hotel," Market Place, 5s. 5d.

LONDON.—Mr. R. Imperato, "The Red Lion," 229, Devonshire Street, Mile End, 2s. 6d.; Mr. M. A. Gittos, "Rose of Deamark," 222, Roman Road, Old Ford, 12s.; Mr. A. E. Mackay, "City of Canton," Upper North Street, Poplar, 2s. 6d.; Mr. E. O. Ryan, "Duke of Cambridge," Palace Street, S.W., 2s. 6d.; Mr. W. Fry, "Builders' Arms," Noroton Street, Pimlico, 8s. 6d.; Messrs. G. Robinson and Son, 17/21, Tashbrook Street, Pimlico, 12s. 3d.; Mr. G. A. Deacon, 499, Fulham Road, S.W., 4s.; Messrs. Collinson and Osgood, "Masons' Arms," Harrow Road, W., 3s.; Mr. F. D. Goodman, "The Pegasus," 73, Green Lane, Stoke Newington, 3s. 1 1/2d.

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Nervous and Sleepless

Chief Steward cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



great improvement, and now I am a different man altogether. I feel fine. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are a boon to seafaring men.

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Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, and Anti-Spasmodic, and the recognised modern home remedy for:—

Nervous Breakdown	Sleeplessness	Mal-Nutrition
Nerve Paralysis	Anaemia	Wasting Diseases
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Infantile Paralysis	Indigestion	Premature Decay
Nervous Debility	Stomach Disorder	Loss of Flesh

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.

Prices—1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical, sent on receipt of name and address and a penny stamps for postage and packing. Apply—Box E.Y.13, Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.



The Picture of Health

HER MOTHER SAYS:—

"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her Steedman's Powders; and I always found them not only cooling, but cleansing and refreshing. I used to give them on the same day each week, and if I happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

BODY VERMIN THE WORST ENEMY

Our Lads in the trenches have been troubled more by body vermin than the Huns. They can now be made vermin-free and vermin-proof in a few minutes and at a trifling cost, thanks to the marvellous destructive power of

PARASITOX

which not only instantly kills every form of body parasite, but prevents the return of these dangerous and odious pests. It is, moreover, an equally sure protection against flies, mosquitoes, and other insects, and therefore specially valuable for soldiers in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt and Salsencia.

FREE FROM GREASE.

Bar more cleanly and pleasant as well as far more efficacious than any ointment. Does not stain or soil clothes; has an agreeable aromatic perfume.

TRUTH says: "Exhaustive tests, by experts, have proved that PARASITOX effectively destroys all body vermin. It simply needs to be rubbed over the seams of the under-clothing and applied to the body. . . . Nothing is likely to be more welcome to a soldier in camp."

Every Soldier should have a Stick. Send one out in your next parcel.

Sticks (1/- each) obtainable from all Chemists, including all branches of Boots or sent post free direct on receipt of P.O. for 1/- by Sole Makers.



HEPPELL'S, 164, Piccadilly, W.
Also Strand, Haymarket, &c., &c.

BLOOD AND SKIN TROUBLES CURED

The most wonderful cure for Blood and Skin Troubles and Contagious Diseases has been discovered in South Africa. It is called Domigo, and is a secret which has been known to the natives for centuries. It is now working the most marvellous cures in England. It cures even when everything else fails—often in a few days. To enable sufferers to test the value of this great discovery, it has been decided to supply a limited number of Trial Treatments, together with a valuable treatise on Blood and Skin troubles, for 6d. only to readers of this journal.

**THIS TRIAL
TREATMENT
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Domigo will cleanse your blood from all poisons & pollution.



Domigo quickly cures

LUPUS, LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA,
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GOUTY ECZEMA, BOILS & PIMPLES,
BLOTCHY SKIN, ACNE, ANAEMIA,
CONTAGIOUS DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.

Send to-day to The Domigo Co. (Dept. J.B.), 168, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., and the Trial Treatment, together with treatise, will be sent you post free by return. Don't wait a day longer. Clear your skin and blood from all poisons and other troubles by means of this great discovery.

Domigo Tablets, Ointment and Skin Soap can be obtained from all branch 3s. Boots and Tailors, or post free direct.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

(The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents).

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance. Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. Legal and Sporting inquiries should be addressed to the Legal or Sporting Editor, and, in the case of Legal inquiries, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Financial and Insurance inquiries should be addressed to the Editor, care JOHN BULL, 35, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C., and each inquiry should be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

J. G. M. (Croydon).—The prophet is of no profit in this war; but Capt. Bathurst, M.P., Secretary to the Director of the Diet, says "There is a good chance of the War being over in the next few months." So cheer up!

Dr. A. G. (Los Angeles).—There are several ways of effectively dealing with the German submarine menace; the problem is to find the quickest one.

E. C. W. (Croydon).—The idea of the pumpkins is to use the war as a means of making everybody compulsorily teetotal. We doubt whether even "the unity of the nation" will stand that.

J. F. B. (E. Ham).—Our opinion of the increase of railway fares is that it is a gross Governmental imposition, which entails widespread hardship. Nowadays very few people use the railways for pleasure.

J. Q. (Halifax).—P.O. men, who refuse to fill up War Loan forms for people who cannot write, deserve a kick in the neck.

W. G. M. (S. Shields).—"Potatoes; present price on rail, £10. Retail price here, to consumer, £20 per ton. Who's fleecing us?" Where's that middleman?

"SUNNINGDALE" (Crouch End).—The dairy company announces Pure Milk and Full Measure, but say they sell by the bottle and not by the quart. They must mean the bottle is full, even if it holds 1½ pints instead of a quart. Stretch the bottle.

"ONE OF THEM" (Derby).—Men out of M.R. offices are not hiding in goods yards. They are all in training to work the railways in (Somewhere) and will be attached to Royal Engineers in a few weeks. Very glad to print this.

G. C. (Upham).—If an armlet woman has been doing field work of the roughest kind for a gentleman farmer in your district at 1s. 6d. a day, she has been disgustingly underpaid.

"VOLUNTEER" (Tottenham).—"Flags at half-mast when peace is proclaimed, as a mark of respect to the fallen." A strange idea of yours. It would be mourning because we had won what they died for.

"CONSTANT" (Kennington) says that several acres of land belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall are lying waste at the back of his flat. Better borrow it from the Prince of Wales to grow potatoes.

"REASON" (Gloucester).—"The French War Minister told us that on a shilling a day separation allowance the French women saved money." On that income they certainly could not spend much.

"ANONI-OPTIMUS" (Swindon).—Yet one more person prophesying the end of the war, your date being 24 April next. To make your misdeed all the worse, you do the dreadful thing in verse.

"ADMIRAL" (H.M.S. —).—"Sailors might put money in War Loan if their kit were reduced by one half; we have to spend money on useless clothes." What about that white suit which is never worn by some?

"ONE OF TOWNSEND'S BORN" (Bedford).—There will be honours for the defenders of Kut. Perhaps the King is waiting till they come marching home.

E. C. T. (New York).—We note the statement of the Rev. Dr. Berle that "England shot Pearce and his Irish associates like dogs." This country is always kind. It should have hanged them like curs.

E. S. (Leadenhall Street, E.C.).—The War Office has forbidden the donation of money to successful airmen; but there might be no objection to presenting them with slabs of War Loan.

G. W. (White Heath).—"After 18 months in France amongst men, it makes me fairly sick to see men in the districts (near Birmingham) crawling into controlled works to avoid joining up." We agree, and can understand why the sight generates physical nausea.

"FEN UP" (Winchester).—Take Sir William Robertson's advice and keep on smiling. Anybody can smile when things go right; but the man worth while is the man who can smile when everything goes dead wrong.

"BUSINESSLIKE" (London).—All Government departments are better at preaching economy than practising it.

"MALCOLM" (Brighton).—"Why doesn't some M.P. ask for a return of enemy investments held by members and their friends?" Because he doesn't wish to set the place alight.

T. C. (Gateshead).—The British postal regulation runs, "The transmission of picture postcards to Prisoners of War abroad is prohibited by the military authorities." *Au contraire*, we had in our hands a specially printed illustrated picture postcard sent to an English friend by British prisoners in Rubleben.

"A SOLDIER'S WIFE."—"Will you listen To this little tale, please do; It's all my own composing, And I'm sure 'twill bore you blue." Compose yourself, dear lady; we are still in the pink.

J. L. C. (Newton-le-Willows).—Sir Edgar Speyer is still a Privy Councillor.

"BRITISHER" (Straits of Magellan).—"Why don't Government officials have a look at the books of merchants trading with this part of the world?" Can't say; possibly afraid of eye-shock.

JABE (T. Wells).—Haven't the slightest notion who wrote "Put me among the girls." An expert of sorts, evidently.

F. B. (Chesterfield) asked his four-year-old how he knew this paper. "Why," was the reply, "there's a man on it." Some boy, that.

"PLYMOUTH READER."—How on earth can we tell you what the Rev. Isaac Shimmin meant when he said that "all the blundering of Horatio Bottomley would not alter him"? Why not ask him?

"NOBODY" (Honor Oak).—Your pseudonym is well chosen. Run away and throw stones at yourself.

"Nemo" (Hull).—The London General Supply Association, 72, Finsbury Pavement E.C., are in the ordinary run of watch tricksters. Recipients should throw their circulars into the fire.

E. C. (Edinburgh).—"Being 72, all I can do is advise my friends to read your paper, and if they take your advice they will not be far wrong." They will be abso-bally-lutely right.

"Nemo" (Plymouth).—Why don't some of you correspondents get a smile on? You used to make us laugh; now you give us the hump.

E. M. J. (Brighton).—JOHN BULL, being registered as a newspaper at the General Post Office, may be sold at any time.

"INDIGNANT BELGIAN" (Bournemouth).—"In one of our Public Libraries is a picture, 'Daddy, Are You Going to Kill Another Girl's Father?'" The answer to such Yankee sob-stuff is "Yes, if he's a German."

"FAIRPLAY" (Glasgow).—The German tradesman whose son travels the kingdom must surely be naturalised or British-born. All the same, we love them not.

"BEGGARLY."—Though Selby Guardians refused a rise to seamstresses, don't grumble because the cook got £2 a year increase. Seamstresses at 11s. 9d. a week are shamefully sweated. Do they live on their losses, like the farmers?

S. B. (Seaton).—As far as we know, you can be vaccinated where you like, and how you like, and as often as you like—at your own expense.

A. R. C. (No address).—You say the circular alleging Kitchener is "now a prisoner of war in Germany is being distributed broadcast." Why not tell us where, and send us a printed copy? Have already exposed the allegation as a hoax.

"WOUNDED AUSTRALIAN SOLDIER" (Birmingham) complains of having been charged a ha'penny extra for the envelope wherein to send a birthday card. War profits, we suppose.

"FARM LABOURER" (Wales).—Having been exempted, you are "tied up to one old farmer for him to do and say what he likes." Not at all; pluck up, and enlist.

"CONSTANT READER" (Wareham Camp).—"Let me know the world's record of dressing a bullock, who the man was, time, and where." The last man we know who started to dress a bullock was compelled to cease before he got the trousers on.

"LEVENSHULME" (Manchester).—"What makes a hundred?" If you asked us what makes a Hun dread, we could have told you.

W. B. (Hampton Hill).—"I am a window cleaner, and have about 270 different jobs to do, and I tell you the number of people who take in JOHN BULL is both gratifying and surprising." Gratifying, but not surprising.

"JAM" (Putney).—You remind us of the amorous gentleman who said he loved little girls, and big ones too.

"HOME WORK."—Have nothing to do with such advertisers. This week's *Everywoman's* contains a helpful article on "How to Make Money at Home," and you can depend on the advice being both reliable and disinterested.

A. E. T. (Brooklands).—Why worry us with numerous weird, wild and utterly incomprehensible eistles? Perhaps you mean well, but we wish you would transfer your affections to some other editor. Consider us as fed up.

"A MERE IRISHMAN."—Agreed that all pensioners are hard hit by the war, but if any are to be relieved, chivalry demands that we begin with the aged poor.

W. H. H. (Nottingham).—"Your paper is great, and the old women are afraid of you." You mean those in trousers, of course; the other sort simply dote on us.

MADAM VAN B. (Camden Town).—We are afraid it would take more than the Bishop of London to prevent a foolish young English girl marrying a black man, once she had set what she might be pleased to call her mind on it.

"ATTENTION."—"At bases where yachts and trawlers are stationed, crockery and mess utensils are allowed to officers, but not to men serving in H.M. forces." No basins at bases must dish the men a bit. Are they supposed to eat out of their hats?

PRE. F. M. (Stoke Hospital).—"How many engagements have occurred in the present war, and what constitutes an engagement?" We should say a ring on the third finger, left hand, constitutes an engagement hard to get out of, even if you wanted to.

F. B. (Nottingham).—Little girls of 9 shouldn't sit down and write poetry about crying and sighing. If you *must* write verses, write about bright things and light things, and day times and gay times. Smile—all the while!

A. T. B. (London, S.E.).—Never much sentiment about a Government Department; even the office boy assumes the airs of a stupendous maggot.

A. E. T. (Brooklands).—"When you understand the Power of Thoughts over Matter, you won't need a Gun, Spade, or brush." You call yourself the "Poor Brush," and make us wish for a gun. Have you no friends to take you by the hand and lead you gently to a precipice?

"CLOCK" (Warrington).—You must use your own judgment whether Gasson, the netting man of Rye, is "fit to trade with." There have been complaints against his methods.

G. A. P. (Charlton Kings).—"Clergy of all sorts and sizes are to be found in these parts, up to all the games usually carried on at seaside resorts." Nothing naughty, we hope?

"ONE WHO HAS LOST THINGS."—"Can we tell you how it is the thieves of the Woolwich Arsenal are allowed to run free?" Perhaps they run because the policeman is after them.

R. AND D. (Cambridge).—It seems to be about a dead heat between the coal-owners and the coal-factors, as you see things and suffer them.

"Mrs. S." (Leek).—It is certainly possible for both your husband and yourself to win a "Bullets" prize in the same competition. This feat has already been accomplished on many occasions.

J. D., JUN. (Whiteinch).—Grateful for complimentary poem, written "in an idle moment." Get busy the next time you are idle, and put in at least one rhyme.

"LUCAN" (Surbiton).—Do we think you will ever make a poet? If you had asked us whether you will ever be able to chop firewood, we could have told you.

"A READER."—You think Lord Bryce is "up the pole"; but you have apparently overlooked our previous reference to his Lordship's unfortunate experiments in polar exploration.

"AN ENGLISHMAN" (Fulham).—"Can anything be done to stop young man who shaves customers while swearing at England and praising Germany?" What sort of customers permit it? A man would "stop" him soon.

F. G. (Harrow).—"I have never written to the Editor before." Alas, dear lady, that one so fair should be so cruel.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

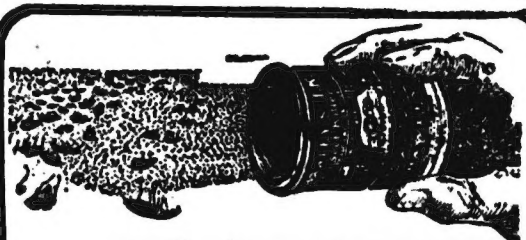
This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum 1 oz.
Orlex Compound .. a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(ADVT.)



—and soon they were speeding to cover—simply falling over each other.

Hawley's I.K. is bad—very bad—for camp pests. It's a fine clean powder, very pleasant to use, and does not merely "turn them over," but absolutely exterminates such camp pests as fleas, beetles, lice, &c. Send your soldier friend a tin to-day.

Hawley's I.K. is put up in handy sprinkler tins and is a sure preventative against disease. Armed with Hawley's I.K. your soldier friend will be safeguarded against one of the greatest discolorations of the trenches. Manufactured by Evans, Sons, From Chemists, etc., everywhere. Lecher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.

I.K. Insect Killer



"THE FOOD-BEVERAGE OF THE PEOPLE."

Vi-Cocoa—delicious, sustaining, invigorating.

6d. 9d. & 1/6 Packets. **Vi-Cocoa** Watford



FREEMAN'S

REAL TURTLE SOUP

made in a minute with Freeman's Real Turtle Cubes

Four in a box 1/-. **Freeman's** SOUPS—GUTHRIE'S—Watford

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

You are requested to turn to page 13 and fill in the Coupon for the free 2/- Voucher.

"BULLETS" FOR THE WINTER EVENINGS

2ND PRIZE £25	FIRST PRIZE £250	3RD PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5	25 PRIZES OF 10/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
	2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES	2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES
		10 PRIZES OF £2:10

A further Coupon for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, February 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(224) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 224, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, February 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(224) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

No. _____	Closing Date, Thursday, February 8th.
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
Example _____	
Bullet _____	
(224) P.O. No. _____	Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.	Address _____
	If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition No. 225. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 225 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 225, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 225.

LOSING SIDE
BAD DOG
IN THE LIMELIGHT
WIDE WOMAN
THE LAST WORD

FATHER'S ALLIANCE
PLAYED OUT
WHEN INTERRED
A THICK EAR
BEARDED LADY

SURPRISE VISIT
WHEN PLUMBER CALLS
WELL SPENT
THREE CHEERS
THINKING HARD

OUT OF PLACE
PEACEFUL PERSUASION
SOCIETY BEAUTY
FELLOW WORKERS
AFTER THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being chosen on the basis of originality. The right to divide prizes or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two at

tempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "P.D. Co."

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on

each coupon submitted. Competitors holding more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 224.

THE KAISER'S BIRTHDAY
FIGHT TO FINISH
HAD ENOUGH
WHAT WILSON SAYS
DEAR DEINARS
IN A SORRY STATE
FARM HANDS
SHORT OF SUGAR
DESERVES HIS PENSION
MISTAKEN POLICY
ONE AND ONLY
TEMPTING OFFER
GETTING READY
PAYING THE FARE
FATHER'S TROUSERS
NOT AT ANY PRICE
A DOG'S LIFE
VILLAGE SNOIR
TURNING THE TABLES
FORBIDDEN LUXURY
COLD RECEPTION
TAKEN IN
WITHOUT ASKING
SWEET AS SUGAR
ALL SEASONS
A GOOD TONIC
WISEST PLAN
GALLOPING YOUNG MAN
HOUSEMAID'S KNEE
THE KAISER'S WILL

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

First choose any of the 30 examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
WISEST PLAN.
Bullet:—
INVEST IN WAR LOAN.

Example:—
WITHOUT ASKING.
Bullet:—
TALLYMAN GENERALLY CALLS.

Example:—
TAKEN IN.
Bullet:—
NOVICE OTTEN.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 24th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN, dated February 2nd.

5. The Editor will make that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 221st BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250 :-

Mr. MAURICE PIQUAY, 25, Chatham Rd.,
Clapton, London, E.W.

Example :- WOMAN IN THE CASE
Bullet :- WILL SHE "COURT" BOTTOMLEY?

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :-

Mr. W. INGLE, 44, Clarence Road, Chesterfield.
Example :- MY MOTHER-IN-LAW
Bullet :- AN "OLD" WORRY

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :-

Mr. PERCY G. ADAMS, Littlemore near Oxford.
Example :- MAID OF ALL WORK.
Bullet :- ENGLAND—"SWEEPING" THE OCEANS.

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH :-

Mr. T. C. ESTON, 32, Bishopthorpe-road, York:
THE KAISER THINKS—WE TAKE NO "NOTICE."
Mr. W. HALL, 258, Liverpool Rd., Birkdale, Southport:
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW—"STOP," THEN "CARRIES ON."
Mr. A. CREIGHTON, Cotswold, Boreham Wood, Herts:
THE KAISER THINKS—BULLDOG'S TEETH NEED
STOPPING.
Miss A. COOK, 12, Sycamore Road, Nottingham:
MEAT AND DRINK—VITAL TO "STAYING POWERS."
Mr. E. M. HESTER, 206, Main Road, Sidcup S.E.:
MEAT AND DRINK—EVEN HINDENBURG CAN'T
"COMMAND."
Mrs. C. SEXTON, 82, Glandermott Rd., Waterside, London-
derry, Ireland:
GERMANY WANTS—NO "TRIALS" AFTER WAR.
Mr. C. PEACE, 40, Aislewood Road, Sheffield:
THE KAISER THINKS—SINCE "NASTY CONCLUSION"
IMPOSSIBLE.

Mr. W. T. POTTER, 23, Hollow Stone, Nottingham:
MAKING IT UP—WON'T SAVE KAISER'S FACE.
Corpl. W. D. JENKINS, 59, Westbourne St., Eaton Sq., S.W.:
COME TO STAY—THE "AGE" OF WOMAN.
Mrs. TREVORROW Glen-Tort, Machan, Larkhall, Lanark-
shire:
WOMAN IN THE CASE—MAKES GENERALS "PETTY"
OFFICERS

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH :-

Mr. J. PAGE, 55, Higgate Street, Liverpool:
BUYING SUGAR—GROCERS' "BEST" CUSTOMERS.
Mr. W. BOOTH, 69, Ayresome Street, Middlesbrough:
A MUG'S GAME—DODGING WHEN MISSUS TAKES
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. R. H. STOKES, Hill Cottage, White Lion Road, Amer-
sham Common, Bucks:
MAKING A SPLASH—"PIGS" AT THEIR "MEAL."
and Lt. D. SCOTT GAY, 45, Trinity Road, Edinburgh:
AT THE PANTOMIME—SUBALTERN OCCUPY "FRONT
LINE."
Mr. E. E. ARMSTRONG, 65, Hewitson Ter., Felling-on-Tyne:
THE KAISER THINKS—NO "LIBERTY" TOO BAD.
Mr. J. SHAW, 26, Hicote St., S. Normanton, nr. Alfreton:
A MUG'S GAME—ADDING WATER TO WHISKY.
Mr. J. ELLIOTT, 50, Paisley Road, Barrhead, Scotland:
WAR WEDDINGS—MUNITION GIRLS' ALLOWABLE
"MATCHES."
Mr. R. BEAZLEY, 2, Gaston Road, Willesden, N.W.:
MY MOTHER-IN-LAW—WIFE "CATCHES" HER "COM-
PLAINTS."
Lce-Cpl. G. WALKER, A.D.2., B.E.F., France:
MAKING IT UP—PALMIST—TEN POLICEMAN.
Mrs. WATSON, c/o Brooks, 42, Watling St., Buxley Heath:
MAKING A SPLASH—EVERY STEP TOMMY TAKES.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover
a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of
such numbers will be drawn and published in THE
FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL of
"specified dates, bearing on the cover any of such
numbers, we will, upon production within seven
days of publication (a reasonable extension will be
allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a
sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date
and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in
return for his using his best endeavour for one
week to increase our circulation. Before the money
is paid we require a full report of all the work
done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—
F. BUTLER, 50a, Sberbourne Road, Baisall
Heath, January 6, A 514,887.
Mrs. A. MUIR, 57, Kenilworth Road, Monkseaton.
January 6th. 642,446.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue
of January 27th.

006,950	372,453	639,367	994,185	A367,115
024,319	399,314	642,017	991,624	A380,296
052,772	405,199	676,594	A007,848	A389,764
097,967	436,642	721,749	A050,436	A423,733
126,967	472,260	758,123	A124,057	A431,042
141,461	487,310	810,174	A163,313	A453,648
184,562	509,569	843,310	A212,152	A482,819
235,328	521,315	865,916	A259,519	A542,531
262,441	566,700	932,465	A297,803	A553,837
316,792	611,676	961,011	A309,641	A562,405

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million.
The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be
announced in our next issue (published Feb. 7th.).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of 'JOHN BULL' for
January 27th, 1917, bearing on the Covers
the Numbers 189,724 and A408,802. Any
person possessing either of these copies
will be paid £5 upon applying to THE
MANAGER "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG
ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No.	Closing Date, Thursday, February 8th.
Example	
Bullet	
Example	
Bullet	
(224) P.O. No.	Signed
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.	Address
	If four coupons are used P.O. for ss. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, absolutely free of charge, an
insurance against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR
RAIDS, DOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT,
CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION,
REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk
to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be in-
sured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate
coupon must be filled in for each person. I.e.
member, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies
afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and
does not bother about any "legal representative"
or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to
the insured, who must personally sign the coupon,
or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one
else. He sure to fill in a coupon for every member
of your family. The Newsagent's Order Form
will keep you permanently insured during such
period as this Insurance Scheme and your order
to the Newsagent remain in force. Readers may,
however, obtain all the advantages by sending
in every week the Registration Coupon—with
clause (a) struck out, which will be available for
seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.
In respect of any person (man,
woman or child) who, whilst on land
and in the British Isles, is killed or
dies within 30 days of receiving
injury from any of the events
named, we will, subject to the
fulfilment of the few simple condi-
tions set out below, pay the sum of
£200 should he, or she, in the course
of any of these happenings, become
permanently totally disabled ...
£100 should his, or her, home become
directly damaged (whether it be pri-
vate residence or residence in con-
nection with a shop) or should the
contents be damaged, not exceeding
£350 loss of one quarter's rent during
rebuilding of damaged home, up to
£25 medical fees for injuries not prov-
ing fatal, but incapacitating the
injured person from following his or
her usual employment for more
than three days, up to ... £10

£200

£100

£350

£25

£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-
eight hours of the injury, and must be sup-
ported by such evidence as may be required
by the Editor, whose decision shall be final
upon all questions. Not more than one claim,
which must be confined to one of the benefits,
can be entertained in respect of any one person
or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit
our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not
more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any
one raid. Payment will be made subject to
the rights which the claimant may have or
acquire against any other newspaper or insurance
body, we paying a proportionate amount of the
total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively
to British-born subjects, and those of friendly
Powers in the British Isles—and not to Germans,
Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians,
even though "naturalised," nor to members of
His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although
the home of the latter, situate outside military or
naval premises, may be insured.

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION
FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a regular and continuous reader of JOHN BULL—
or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your news-
agent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the scheme as
published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain
in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT

To Newsagent

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice

Signed

Feb. 3rd, 1917

NOTE—Each member of a family desiring to be insured must fill
up a separate form.
If you make use of this Newsagent's Form, you must fill in clause (a)
of the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it
to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where
your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an
acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.
(a) I placed an order for the regular weekly supply

This is to
notify that
I have this
day

(Strike out one
of these.)

Feb. 3rd, 1917.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the
British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby
nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first
myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address

Signature of Insured

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home

Round the World with
CHAIRMAN JUNIORS
Japan.



*Here we are in quaint Japan, land of the rising sun,
With packet, parasol and fan, out to enjoy the fun.*

*Jappy vows with cheerful brightness,
Stately bows and gay politeness,*

Our little "Chairman Juniors" is the smoke that takes the fun.

Our bright Allies of the land of the rising sun have been wonderfully keen in their study of our occidental ways and habits. Some they have discarded, but many of the best they have adopted. On the lighter, social, and pleasure-giving side of life smoking is a useful factor, and the way in which they have taken to the British-made cigarette of quality and repute is a pleasing endorsement of the taste of those who smoke Chairman and Chairman Juniors. . . . If you are not yet one of them you are missing a treat, for there are no finer cigarette for every-day smoking than Chairman Juniors, which are the original Chairman Cigarette in quality and make, and only the necessary trifle smaller to enable them to be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

R. J. LEA, Ltd.

Manchester.